BEYOND THE HORIZON

FRED B. MORRILL

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BEYOND THE HORIZON

A Novel

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BY

FRED B. MORRILL

AUTHOR OF "THE CAMPAIGN," A
POLITICAL NOVEL, PUBLISHED BY THIS HOUSE

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TO MY WIFE

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BEYOND THE HORIZON

PROLOGUE

I MAKE A PROMISE

Soon after the beginning of the new year just past, while making a trip across the continent, the train on which I was traveling was snowbound in the mountains, and for several days we were cut off from all intercourse with the outside world. Fortunately, the larder of the diner was well supplied with provisions, and there was coal enough in the tender of the engine to furnish sufficient heat to keep the cars comfortable, so, except for the inconvenience of the delay, the passengers did not suffer any discomfort.

Thus isolated, and with nothing to do but pass away the time and endeavor to make our enforced imprisonment as pleasant as possible, it was but natural that,—among some of us at least,—agreeable and lasting friendships should be formed. The fact that for the time being we were living almost as one family, under the same conditions, with no cares to

harass nor duties to perform, seemed to produce a feeling of good fellowship among the passengers; and when, after the first twenty-four hours, it became certain that it would be several days before we could proceed, all restraint was cast aside, and we were no longer strangers but comrades bent upon making the best of our situation.

Among my fellow-passengers there was one that particularly attracted my attention; not only by reason of his quiet, genial manner, but also on account of his thoughtful consideration for the welfare and comfort of others. He was a well put-up, athletic young man, about thirty years of age, with refined, clear-cut features and expressive blue eyes, which, when he was engaged in earnest conversation, reflected his variable emotions,—eyes that at times were calm and grave, then again sparkling with an intellectual glow that accentuated the thoughts that he was uttering; a smile pleasing and attractive, and a laugh so genial and hearty that there could be no doubt of the genuineness of the merriment that it proclaimed.

He soon became a general favorite with the passengers, and was always the life of any party of which he was a member. I observed, however, that when by himself he was frequently absorbed in deep thought, and apparently had something on his mind that was causing him much concern. At first I could not fully deter-

mine whether it was a matter of serious import to himself or some grave problem that he had assumed the task of solving. His general demeanor seemed to indicate that he was not burdened with many of the cares that fall to the lot of man; therefore it seemed unlikely that his periods of seriousness and absorption were caused by any personal financial complications. And as we grew to be better acquainted I soon became convinced that the state of his mind was not that of worry but rather that of perplexity,—probably over some important course of action that he was carefully considering.

My interest in the young man caused me to seek his society much more than that of any other of the passengers: an attention that he seemed to reciprocate with interest. As a natural result, we spent a considerable portion of our time together. He was an easy and interesting conversationalist and handled any subject that we might have under discussion in a manner that proved him to be a man that had traveled extensively, and one that had made the most of his opportunities. Although he was well informed upon literature and familiar with the current events of the day, I soon found that he was especially interested in sociology, exhibiting a profound knowledge of that subject.

He was very much opposed to war, and maintained, with much feeling, that war was barbaric and unnecessary; even, indeed, going so far as

to assert that the present prevailing tendency of the nations of the world to engage in bloody strife was conclusive evidence that the human race had not advanced beyond the brutal, or barbaric, state.

Another astounding proposition,—to me,—that he advanced was that this world was capable of producing more than enough for every being in it, and that mankind was solely to blame for the poverty and wretchedness that were everywhere present. And when I opposed that idea, he very readily assembled in support of his contentions sufficient facts and figures to overcome completely any arguments that I could advance to sustain the position I had taken.

Yet, notwithstanding his genial, candid manner and his intellectual and pleasing personality, there was a something about the man that I could not fathom. At times there was a fascinating strangeness about him that seemed almost unreal, and in such moments he appeared to be a man of mystery,—but with a mysteriousness that charmed and attracted rather than repelled. Just what might be the enigmatic quality that so affected me I could not have explained if I had tried. If I had attempted to do so, I could only have said that at times, when engaged in earnest conversation, he conveyed to me the impression that he was familiar with a different period, or I might say with

another world than this. It was an impression faint and unreal, not at the time seriously considered, yet it haunted my mind as does the hazy recollection of a dream.

It therefore naturally followed that I soon became interested in my fellow-passenger, and as there was nothing to divert my attention during the enforced imprisonment, I must confess that before it was ended I had become so completely absorbed in the man that my state was that of one under some mesmeric spell.

I have mentioned that sometimes he talked and acted as if he were familiar with another world; and when I make that assertion I do so with the full knowledge that very few, if any, can comprehend how any one, whose mind is in a normal condition, can give out an impression of that kind. But who in this day and age may say that a man is mentally unbalanced, just because he speaks of something as possible, or even as existing, even though the entity of which he is aware be beyond the ordinary affairs of general knowledge and understanding,—especially if that man is vigorous and active, both mentally and physically, clear of eye, and possessed of a personality that appeals to all with whom he comes in contact?

It was not so very long ago when no one would have believed it possible for a person in New York to converse with another in San Francisco. If any one had had the temerity

seriously to maintain that it could be done, he would have been declared insane by all of his fellow-men. To throw the human voice across the continent would have been looked upon as an impossible feat. Yet, that which had been considered impossible has been accomplished, and the only wonder now is that it had not been achieved before.

What would the pioneers of '49, as they pursued their weary way across the plains and over the mountains toward the setting sun, have said to any one that might have advanced the idea that the time would soon come when to travel across the continent from ocean to ocean would be only a comfortable, even a luxurious, journey of a few days?

We now have wireless telegraphy and phonographs, flying machines and submarines, and many other inventions almost as wonderful,—all accepted as a matter of course, when but a few years ago they would have been considered impossibilities. So we know that the things that had once been considered impossible have in the course of time become realities. And it is not for us to say what is impossible, either upon this planet, which we call our world, or in the universe of which it forms an infinitesimal part.

If some genius of to-day could get in communication with the inhabitants of Mars, within the year we would be reading in our morning papers, with as little concern as we now read

the news of the Great War, the Associated Press dispatches from that mysterious planet.

The impossible of to-day may become an accepted fact to-morrow, and will not even be looked upon as a wonder,—or a miracle.

I was, therefore, not altogether unprepared for the disclosure made to me by my fellow-traveler before we arrived at the end of our journey. Yet, although somewhat prepared, even so I was astounded,—more, dazed,—by the immensity, and, as it then appeared to me, unreality of what he revealed. And when, after finishing his disclosure, he handed me a manuscript and requested that I take charge of its publication, I could not at the moment either consent or refuse.

"I realize," he said, "that you will wonder why I do not attend to its publication myself; but I cannot,—it is impossible." Then he added with much earnestness: "You will understand the reason why I cannot do so when you have read the manuscript. I cannot remain here any longer. The manuscript contains all that I have told you and much more. It has been written by me from notes made while I was there, and I will vouch for its accuracy. I regret that I have not the time to write more. While I was there I saw so much more than I have described. But the call for me to return is irresistible, and I must go back."

I did not at the time make him the promise

that he requested. But before we separated I willingly assured him that I would faithfully carry out his request. And in accordance with that promise, and wishing for his enlightening chronicle the consideration hoped for by its author,—my storm-bound companion,—it is herewith presented without any changes or alterations.

F. B. M.

CHAPTER I

A FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE

For two hundred and forty hours we had been traveling through space, my companion evincing during that time much less concern than an experienced traveler would have had upon an ocean liner. Now, however, he began to show more interest than heretofore in our course and surroundings, and occupied his time in making observations from the circular glass outlooks in the front and sides, and even in the top and bottom, of our compartment, as well as in studying an instrument that was set solidly into the wall near the buttons by which he controlled the machinery and the steering-apparatus of the car.

During all that time of travel there had been continual sunshine, and I had got into the habit of computing time by hours instead of by days. The sun and moon had been the only objects visible, the latter pale and indistinct, for a time being almost below instead of above us, and to be seen only by looking through the outlooks in the bottom of our compartment,—which at first gave me a feeling hard to describe.

During the first few hours after commencing our journey, Creon,—for such was the name by which my companion had requested me to call him,—had busied himself with taking observations, adjusting the machinery, and fixing our course. But after that he paid very little attention to these matters, except to take an occasional observation, which was always made in connection with the sun and the instrument before mentioned. After our direction had been once fixed, and the machinery adjusted accordingly, we continued in as direct a course as does a bullet in leaving the barrel of a high-power rifle, and possibly as swiftly; although it was impossible to ascertain whether we were simply floating through space or traveling at a high rate of speed. A faint buzz and whirr of machinery and a slight vibration therefrom had been constant, but otherwise there was no perceptible motion.

All the machinery was contained in a small room in the rear of our living compartment, and was controlled either by the simple pressure of a button or the slight turning of a small lever, there being several of each in the rear of the room. The temperature and air supply were also controlled in the same manner, the air coming from a compressed-air chamber extending along the whole top of the car, and being kept in constant circulation by electric fans similar to those that we see in general use.

After circulating through the car, the air was forced through a purifying, or cleansing, process and then into the original compartment to be again used. Thus we were always furnished with fresh air in plenty. This system Creon explained, after it had occurred to me that our air space was limited, and I had expressed alarm lest it become exhausted.

Our meats, fish, and vegetables were maintained fresh and cool by a system of refrigeration, produced by forcing air into the box in which our provisions were kept; the air, passing through a damp cloth of felt-like texture before coming in contact with the contents of the refrigerator box, was thus dampened and cooled, and kept our food supply in perfect condition.

Our cooking was done by electricity, in a small buffet kitchen, and required very little of our time. The compartment in which we lived was some twenty-five by fifteen feet in size, comfortably but not elaborately furnished, while concealed electric lights, which were only turned off while we slept, added to the subdued sunlight that came through the heavy glass outlooks, producing a soft, mellow light, very pleasing and restful.

I must confess that I have not described all that was contained in that compartment. And while I still hesitate to mention a portrait on the wall,—having intended not to mention it at all,

—I feel that unless I do describe it (or, rather, shall I say, attempt to do so) I have failed to give my readers any idea of the room in which I made the journey from planet to planet.

When I first beheld this portrait I was under the excitement of commencing a journey never before undertaken by any of my fellow-men; yet, when my eyes first rested upon those features I could scarcely suppress an involuntary exclamation of admiration. It was, as I afterwards ascertained, the enlargement of a photograph, and colored true to life. The picture was that of an exquisitely beautiful girl just out of her teens, with delicately chiseled features, a Cupid's bow mouth, upon which rested the trace of a smile in keeping with the half-laughing dark eyes that looked at me modestly but fearlessly, a skin soft and white, just tinted with enough of the flowing blood of healthy life to give a warm, rich color, and over all a crown of dark-auburn hair, which even in the subdued light, gave forth an indescribable delicate luster. No ornaments bedecked either her tapering fingers or shapely ears, but, nestling in the bosom of her dress, a rosebud just unfolding into bloom produced a charming contrast to the pearly skin above.

It was a portrait of Halena, the daughter of Creon. He always spoke of her as Hallie.

A small room between our living compartment and the machinery room in the rear was

fitted up with a mechanical riding horse, punching bag, and other devices, giving us ample opportunity for exercise. So, taking everything into consideration, we were as cozy and comfortable as two travelers could well expect to be.

The car in which we were traveling was operated and controlled by electricity, which was automatically generated in a small compartment in the front end; but I am unable to describe the mechanism by which the operation was accomplished.

My companion explained that our journey was being made by simply driving our car in a direct course from the earth and heading off, as it were, in its direct flight through space the planet to which we were going; and that, in order to connect with our objective, it was only a simple proposition of calculating the speed and course of that planet in relation to our speed. He also explained that what was required on our part was to drive our car beyond the influence of the gravitation of the earth and within that of the planet of our destination. Since, then, we were continuing in a course directly opposite to that in which the earth we had left was moving, and in a diagonal direction toward the other planet,—which was coming at a rapid rate toward us,—the going from the gravitational influence of the earth into that of the other planet would be

accomplished in the quickest time possible, and was as simple as crossing the Atlantic on a steamer from New York to Liverpool.

A journey from one planet of the universe to another not being a new experience to my companion, he did not share with me the excitement that possessed me during the first few hours after we had started on our travels. To be shooting through space like a huge ball propelled from the mouth of an enormous cannon, —or perhaps rather like a meteoric body flung forth from one of the planets and sent out into that limitless space through which the millions of planets that make up the universe have been plunging for untold ages,—to see your world recede from you, grow smaller and smaller, and then vanish into the dim distance, to fade away and disappear into that nothingness by which you are surrounded, is a strange and startling experience, and the sensations produced are indescribable.

CHAPTER II

A LOOK BACKWARD

It might be desirable not to proceed as rapidly with this narrative as did we, Creon and I, in making the journey I have been describing, in order to devote a few lines to a general description of myself, and recite some of the circumstances that led up to my trip from planet to planet,—a journey that, I will admit, must seem as improbable to my readers as it would have appeared to me twenty-four hours before I became immerged in that something called space, from which I emerged into a new world, and for a time mingled with its people.

As for myself, I still consider that I am young, although a sufficient number of anniversaries of my birth have come and gone to place me in that class of bipeds styled "bachelors"—as distinguished from benedicts,—a class that to belong to, I have found, under the circumstances by which I have been surrounded, has had its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Upon my arrival into this world I was exceedingly fortunate in the selection of my parents. In fact, my family have shown good judgment

in that regard ever since my great-grandfather accumulated a snug little fortune in the slave trade and wisely invested it in Manhattan real estate, with the result that his posterity have been able to live in luxury and "give no thought to the morrow." Being rich and a bachelor, I naturally have been looked upon with envy by some, and as a "good catch" by others, who have had marriageable daughters to be disposed of. Not, I am bound to confess, on account of any distinguishing qualities that I possess as a man, but merely on account of my chance selection of parents through whom I can enjoy the accumulations of the old slave-trader.

I remember at one time wondering how it happened that I should come down the centuries, and just at the opportune moment step into this world with my fortune already made; why it was that I should have had the special privilege of enjoying the wealth made in such a business; but, after attempting to solve the problem, I finally concluded that it was all a mere matter of chance, and that the one who stepped in the fraction of a second behind me was probably leading a life of hardship, or perhaps was a descendant of one of my ancestor's slaves. Having arrived at which paradoxical conclusion, I congratulated myself upon my good fortune, and dismissed the subject from my mind.

For some time I have been interested in the

study of the different phases of the social problem and also in a cursory way have looked into the different systems of government. Of war I have always maintained a feeling of horror. I have never been able to reconcile myself to the idea that, either as citizens or soldiers, men should be allowed to destroy homes and kill or maim one another.

Not being required to bother myself with business affairs, and having an income sufficient to enable me to do as I pleased, I have devoted a large portion of my time in traveling about the world as my fancy has directed; sometimes in out-of-the-way places where the footprints of men were rarely seen, and at other times in the congested centers of civilization. My travels, however, have not been the rambling from place to place of an idle man, without aim or object, but have usually been made with the view of pursuing the studies I have mentioned; although, I must confess, I have never contemplated taking a part in any of the various social reform movements that are being advocated. I had become interested in the subject and it may have been (probably at first was) partially curiosity that prompted me to engage in my investigations.

Most men have a hobby upon which they spend more or less of their time and thoughts, and my particular one has been sociology. If I were to give a reason for my interest in the

subject, I fear that I would have to confess that, as I required something to occupy my time, that study appealed to my imagination more forcibly than did anything else; although, as I proceeded with my inquiry, I commenced to entertain the hope that I might be able to evolve a plan for the general betterment of the human race. It gradually became clear to my mind that a social system under which the descendants of a slave-trader could live in luxury and idleness, while those of his slaves must struggle in poverty and want,—a system under which Chance plays the most prominent part in controlling the lives of men,—was wrong and unjust.

While spending a few weeks in Atlantic City shortly after returning from a trip to one of the South American states, I became acquainted with Creon, my companion in flight through space to another world. Before forming his acquaintance I had frequently noticed him about the hotel at which I was stopping, my attention being particularly attracted to him by reason of his courteous manner toward every one with whom he came in contact. Waiters and other employees about the hotel he seemed to regard as acquaintances rather than as servants bound to do his bidding and unworthy of further notice; though at the same time he required of them such service as other guests were entitled to receive. With the guests as well as

with the employees he appeared to be a general favorite, and was much sought after as a pleasant companion.

In appearance he was a man between forty-five and fifty years of age. He was always well dressed, and impressed me as being a man of the world, fond of good but wholesome living, with plenty of leisure at his disposal, and possessed of ample means to enable him to enjoy life at its best.

One evening, several days after I had first noticed him, Creon accosted me as I was entering the dining-room, remarking that he noticed I was about to dine alone and, as he did not have any company for the evening, it had occurred to him that we might pass the dinner hour more pleasantly by occupying a table together.

I very readily accepted the suggestion, and thus commenced an acquaintance and friendship that completely changed my whole life. Little did I then realize that that evening's meal would lead to an association that would furnish the means of my visiting a new world, of my making a flight through space from one planet of the universe to another in about the same length of time as required to make the trip from an American to a European port. I found him that evening a rare and entertaining companion, and thereafter sought his company as much as possible.

From Creon's conversation it was evident that he had traveled in many countries and was familiar with the forms of government and social conditions of all the principal nations. Regarding himself, his occupation, and residence he never made mention, and I came to the conclusion that he was one of that class of men that spend their time in traveling from place to place and from country to country, as their inclinations might lead them. He was always good-natured and cheerful, and apparently without a care on earth, or a thing to cause him worry or apprehension. In manner he was quiet, unassuming, and genial; fond of wholesome amusements, and very much interested in outdoor sports; was an enthusiastic lover of horses, and an expert horseman. A man who had read much and remembered what he had read,—of literature and history, both ancient and modern, he possessed a knowledge far superior to that of any person with whom I had ever before come in contact. Such was Creon, a man whom to know was to appreciate and always remember,—a man of another world than mine, although I was not made acquainted with that fact until some time later,—just before our journey commenced.

As our acquaintance continued, I found that his ideas of government and all matters pertaining to social conditions, man's obligations to man, and general manner of living were in-

teresting and entirely different from any I had ever heard advanced. And as our acquaintance ripened into friendship, the more freely he discussed these matters and the more fully he gave expression to his ideas. Well do I remember our discussion that resulted in the journey already mentioned,—a discussion that commenced at the dinner-table in the evening and did not end until after the morning sun was shining into his room, to which we had adjourned after finishing our meal. Before that he had, at times, in a general way advanced ideas that were new and strange, but upon this occasion he cast aside all restraint and showed how this world of ours, by the simple exercising of common sense and good judgment on the part of its people, could forever do away with wars, misery, and want, and insure to every one plenty and to spare. According to his idea, all of our systems of government were wrong; our plan of education, our social system, and our method of training and bringing up our youth were not such as to properly develop the mind and thoroughly appeal to the human side of our organism. He contended that the human race was composed of two elements,—human or divine, and animal or brute; that any system of government, society, or education that tended to foster and develop the animal rather than the human, is primarily wrong, engendering, as it does, in the mind of man greed and envy, which

are the principal causes of crime and man's inhumanity to man.

"Why," he exclaimed, growing more enthusiastic as he proceeded, "the greater portion of your literature appeals to the animal rather than to the human part of man, and tends to degrade rather than to elevate the mind. Your histories as studied in the schools are almost entirely given over to wars, battles, rapine, and bloodshed,—to tales and records of the doings of kings, rulers and warriors, who are represented as heroes for the admiration of mankind, when in many instances the world would have been much better off had they never been born. In your histories the people are not given any consideration, and their manner of living, their habits, customs, and pleasures are rarely mentioned. The idea is instilled into the mind that war, with all its horrors, furnishes the only means for the production of heroes and men of valor.

"Then let us take the classics, so-called,—the 'Iliad,' for instance, which is much studied and read as a literary gem,—and what do we find? A production of rare composition and great poetical beauty without question, but yet given over to war, bloodshed, and carnage, brought about by the infidelity of a faithless wife, whose beauty, as well as the valor of her paramour, is extolled to the uttermost. Menelaus, the outraged husband; Agamemnon, the

much-lauded king, and all its heroes, both Greek and Trojan, are brought forth as men of fierce passions, boastful and conceited, whose profession it was to butcher human beings, and who were never satisfied unless fully occupied in that business. Peace and good will toward men find no place within its lines.

"Then, again, what do the people have presented to them in the papers as news for everyday reading, to go with one's breakfast? "Here," he said, picking up a morning paper, "is a fair sample. On the front page, under attractive headlines we find an account of a prize fight, the result of each round being given in detail. The winner, it says, was roundly cheered by the enthusiastic men and women in attendance, and after the fight was over he was carried away from the ring upon the shoulders of his admiring friends. His opponent was rendered unconscious by a knock-out blow, which broke his jaw, and, as he fell, blood streamed from his nose, mouth, and ears; for a time the physicians in attendance were doubtful of his recovery. The huge building, especially constructed for the purpose, was crowded, and many people could not even procure standing room, and were turned away disappointed. The presence of many fashionably gowned ladies and their escorts was very noticeable. The interest taken by the ladies, who watched the fight closely and expressed their approval

when their favorite landed, was clearly appreciated by the contestants. Many thousand dollars changed hands on the result. Then we have a full description of three murders; the details of the lynching of a negro; two automobile accidents, in which three people are killed and several injured; an account of a bank robbery, and nearly a whole page is given to a sensational divorce trial, in which much of the testimony is published in full.

"So much for local news, all tending to excite but not to improve the mind. Then we have the description of a recent battle, and from it may be formed some idea of what war is. Listen to this: 'General Fighter's troops charged the enemy, and in a hand-to-hand conflict captured several standards and a large number of guns and prisoners. The carnage was fearful, his men charging over heaps of the slain in order to reach the enemy. General Fighter's famous charger, Bellerophon, was killed during the *mêlée,* and was buried upon the field with military honors. The hospital corps being insufficient to care for the wounded, many lay where they fell, exposed to the rain and cold for hours, and perished for want of care and attention. In order to maintain the position won, the exhausted troops remained upon the field during the night, without rations or shelter; the living and the dead sleeping together in the muddy trenches, which had been

taken from the enemy at the point of the bayonet.'

"Think of the feelings of wives and mothers whose husbands and sons on both sides are following the colors! That is war, where human life, especially the life of the common soldier, is reckoned as nothing; men as so many units to be blotted out, whereupon others are forced in to take their places, to be in turn pierced with bullets, or torn with shot and shell, and left upon the ground uncared for and forgotten by their comrades, who have been transformed from human beings into fighting demons. And yet, by a system of education and training that to me seems impossible, men are made to believe that war, with all its horrors, is just and right, and that to fight and die upon the field of battle is a glorious death.

"If a whole human race, by a course of training and education, can be brought to that point and be persuaded to leave their homes and families and take up the weapons of war and go forth to kill and be killed, how much better would it be,—and certainly much easier,—to educate and train all mankind to peace; to instil into their minds that war cannot be made an excuse for killing and destroying; that it is just as wrong for a people banded together as a nation to kill mankind and destroy homes as for an individual to commit the same crime; that no nation, great or small, has the right to

declare war against any other nation, or the right to keep and maintain armament, instruments, or munitions of war of any kind. It is the possession of the gun that creates the desire to shoot; the means of death, the desire to kill. Would there be any wars if the people of all nations were trained to peace and no provisions for war were made or allowed? You forbid by law the carrying of arms by a private citizen, but you, as a nation, spend millions of dollars, each year, in battleships, arms, munitions of war, and the training of men to fight. As a soldier a man may take the lives of hundreds and become a hero worshiped in song and story, but as a citizen, if he intentionally kills or even injures another, he is severely punished. As a soldier he is urged to destroy, but as a citizen, if he takes or injures the property of another, he is sent to prison. Why should the people of a nation collectively do that which would be considered a crime if done individually?

"You see that it does not take either much thought or study to determine that under your system of training and education the human race has advanced but very little, if at all, since the dawn of history; that even those you call the most enlightened are still mere barbarians. As a nation your people commit crimes, under the guise of civilization, and never stop to consider what you have done; and if you do, you

soothe your conscience with the thought that it was an act of the government in the interest of your so-called civilization and must be right, and therefore is right. If the people and those who are in control of the governments and nations would devote the same attention, thought, and money to the elimination of poverty and the uplifting of the human race that they do to war and preparation for war, there would be no poverty and want, nor even ignorance in this world.

"War lords are unnecessary, and would not be tolerated in any enlightened country. A few of them in control of one of your principal nations have set your whole world aflame."

"But suppose one government insults another would not the government so insulted insist upon an apology?" I inquired. "It could not do otherwise and maintain its dignity as a nation. And then we will say that the apology is not forthcoming. War would then, of course, be inevitable. The dignity of a nation must be sustained, no matter what it may cost in life and property. Misery, woe, want, widows, and orphans count for nothing, as compared with the dignity of a nation and of those who govern."

"From your standard and way of reasoning, yes," he replied. "But is your way of looking at it correct? Is there any excuse for allowing any nation or body of men to prepare

for the taking of human life and the inflicting upon mankind the misery and woe; the grief, anguish, and suffering that war entails; the widows and orphans and the destruction of homes? If one man insults another, do your people allow the man insulted to kill the man who insults him? And if you do not allow that, why should a government or a nation act differently than would an individual? If one man cannot arm and prepare to destroy his fellowmen, their homes and property, why should a large body of men, called a nation, do so.

"Do you know that your forms of government are a relic of barbarism growing out of the banding together of men for their mutual protection from each other, and from beasts of prey, in that period when all men were mere savages, and like the wild beasts of the forests, depended upon brute strength and cunning for their very existence? In those bands were men who, on account of possessing superior strength and cunning, became leaders, and to a certain extent governed the band to which they belonged. They surrounded themselves with every protection they could conceive of, and for weapons used clubs and stones for the destruction of their enemies.

"Such was life in those crude and brutal times. Battles were fought, men and leaders killed, and one band joined another. In the course of time some of the bands became oblit-

erated, while others grew in size and strength, and finally formed what you call governments or nations, still retaining the same system as did those original bands of savages when dressed in the skins of wild beasts,—only upon a larger scale and in a more effective manner. Instead of a few being killed with crude and unwieldy weapons, your people now kill and destroy by the thousands, and lay desolate the country over which they pass. Because of long practice in war and the invention of weapons of destruction your people now commit cruelties and cause misery and suffering unknown and unthought of by those roving bands of long ago. As I read your histories and study your people, I find that, while you have made progress in some things during the past few thousand years, your social system,—your methods of government have practically remained the same. I find that you have made great progress in the art of war and great strides in the invention of weapons of destruction. You can now take life, destroy cities, villages, and homes more effectually than ever before. But has your progress in literature, art, and many of the sciences advanced accordingly? Is the life of a human being held dearer by those in power; or is it any more worth the living to-day than it was in the higher types of civilization five thousand years ago? Your whole system of government

is a system of spoliation,—of the strong preying upon the weak.

"In any civilized and enlightened country every one works for the common good of all, not for himself alone. Every one must produce his share, either for the needs or pleasures of all; and when that condition is fully attained, the people can claim that they have reached a state of civilization and enlightenment; not before. So long as there remains ignorance, brutality, misery, and want,—all of which are unnecessary under a proper system of training and education,—just so long will the people remain in a state of barbarism. And do you know that those who are possessed of the highest order of intelligence, of the most learning, and of that which you term wealth, are mostly to blame; for they are the ones who have the ability, the means, and the opportunity to bring about the necessary changes. Those changes can never be accomplished by means of wars and strife, by the destruction of property, by agitation or agitators, nor by one class pitting itself against another. All these methods only engender bitterness and hate; they accomplish nothing. Neither can the changes be brought about either by class legislation or by the enactment of laws of which you already have far too many. For the more you have the farther are you away from the object to be attained. The result can only be accomplished by proper

training and education, by appealing to the higher instincts of the human race; not altogether in a literary sense, but in a sane and common sense manner; in a way that every one can understand; by proper thought and study on the part of the people, with a desire to accept that which will be best for all and will make life worth living; by internationalism rather than nationalism; by eliminating all causes for greed, envy, and hate; by doing away with the idea that any one man is entitled to get and control all that he can, whether it be money, lands, chattels, the products of the soil, or the food of the people, no matter how, so long as he does not use force and keeps within what you term the law (that is, within certain rules and regulations that you have made, by which he is controlled, and which I find vary in different communities); by dealing with one another justly and fairly,—each possessing the same rights as another, and no more; by teaching, adopting, and maintaining a system under which there cannot and will not be any rich or poor, with plenty for all and to spare."

"This, undoubtedly," I said, "would be a very desirable condition to bring about, but that is impossible. Any man is entitled to that which he earns, and should be allowed to keep it and do with it as he likes."

"True," he said, "I will admit all that. But is he entitled to take, keep, and enjoy that which

some one else has earned? You say that a condition such as I have described is impossible. I am going to surprise you by saying that it is not only possible, but I can take you to a country in which such a condition is existing to-day, and has existed for centuries; and if you are the man I have taken you to be, you will go with me and visit that country."

"What!" I exclaimed, "a country where there are no wars, with their resulting misery and want; no poverty, no excessive rich, and no miserable poor? You seem serious, but I know you are not, as there is no part of this world that we are not familiar with, and certainly such a country has never been discovered."

"Did I mention this world?" Creon asked very quietly and earnestly. And if I had been interested before, you may imagine that my interest now changed to excitement and wonder, when, leaning forward and taking one of my hands in his, he looked at me intently and said: "I want to say to you again that there is such a country, peopled with a happy, carefree, and prosperous people, and I want you to visit it with me. It is the country of my birth, in which I have always lived. I want you to mingle with its people and to study their social system. I desire to prove to you that a condition such as I have described is not only possible but real. Go with me and see for yourself

the conditions under which the people there are living. You can stay one month, six months, or as long as you like. I will guarantee you a pleasant journey and a safe return. Will you go?"

For the moment I could not answer. The proposition was so strange and seemed so impossible that I could not comprehend it all.

"When and how will we make the journey?" I at length inquired.

"If it is agreeable to you, we will start tomorrow, and the trip will be an easy and inexpensive one. Take as few things with you as possible. A hand-grip will do, and no money."

"I will go with you," I replied, full of wonder and astonishment. "Although I do not know where this country of which you speak is located, or how we are going to reach it, I am convinced I will not regret making the journey."

The place from which we started I am in honor bound not to reveal.

During our journey we had plenty of leisure, which we spent in reading and conversation; my companion being one of the most agreeable and interesting conversationalists it had ever been my good fortune to meet. And the subjects we had to converse upon, and the many and interesting things he had to relate, were all to me new, pleasing, and strange,—relating to a country or rather a world, in which there are

no wars, strife, nor misery; no greed, hate, avarice, nor contentions; a world in which every individual has the time and means to pursue his pleasures as he desires in a peaceful, quiet manner; where all are upon an equal footing and without restraint; where contentment and happiness reign supreme, and where man's inhumanity to man is unknown; a world of plenty and to spare; where there are no rich and no poor, yet where each and all possess greater riches than the greatest potentate of whom I have ever heard or read.

And this country I was going to visit. I was to see it with my own eyes, mingle with its people, share in their sports and pleasures, and study their social system and condition to my heart's content. To this, to me a new world I was journeying,—to one of the planets of the universe, peopled with human beings, similar to that which I had so recently left: a planet of about the same size as my own world, going through space under the same conditions; with the same sun to give it light and heat, and a like moon to illuminate its nights; with a corresponding life, human and animal; with earth and water, fields and trees, cities and villages, homes and farms; with mountains, hills, and vales, lakes and rivers, fields and forests; with its works of art, and educational and other public buildings; with its social and industrial

life flowing along with the years and centuries. Yet on this planet there dwelt a people with a social condition to our world unknown and unheard of.

Here was a country where all are not only born free and equal, but so remain while life lasts,—a country without a ruler; without class or social distinction; where the equal enjoyment of life, liberty, and happiness is given to all. A country without a form of government, according to our standard, yet with a system of government that has existed for thousands of years, solid and indissoluble,—a system based upon reason, intelligence, equality, and a just regard for human rights, where the brotherhood of man is recognized as the first principle of good government; a government looking to and providing for the welfare, happiness, and greatest good of all; a government founded not upon the theory but upon the fact that the products of the land and water, like the air the people breathe, are for the equal use and enjoyment of all, and sufficient, when properly used, to amply supply every man, woman, and child with plenty; yet at the same time requiring that every person shall perform his or her share, and work not for self alone but for all.

Was it any wonder that I could not realize it all, and that I almost reached the point where I began to doubt my own existence and become

distrustful of the reality of my surroundings? At times I wondered if I were not under some hypnotic influence, from which I would awake to find myself back upon the only world I had known,—a world where greed, avarice, strife, and individual ambition predominate and are encouraged as the means by which so-called success may be most quickly attained; where men, and even women, are working day and night to invent and manufacture instruments, great and small, for the taking of human life and the destruction of cities, villages, and homes; where the fathers of families are engaged in killing and mutilating other fathers of families, and children are taught that this condition is right, that for this purpose human beings are created; where hate and cruelty are encouraged, to kill and be killed is called patriotism, and brutality is honored and enthroned; where men are collected in vast numbers, instruments of destruction placed in their hands, and ordered to go forth and kill, maim, and destroy to the uttermost.

A world in which millions of men,—the best in the land,—at the will of a few clothed with powers of government are furnished with every weapon of death that the minds of man have been able to invent and engaged in the awful work of destruction; where men's heads are crushed with clubbed muskets, pieces of steel

thrust through their bodies, their bones broken and bodies mutilated with shells and bullets, their limbs severed and backs broken; where men are trampled upon and crushed, and their mangled and torn bodies left forgotten and uncared for upon the sward, in the grain fields, under the trees, by the hedges and highways, and in the ditches which they had themselves dug, in order that they might have an advantage in killing and destroying, and which were destined to become their shallow graves; where each man prays to his Maker for the power and means to kill, mutilate, and destroy the other; where cries of hate and coarse oaths are the answers to appeals for mercy, and brutal laughter mingles with the groans of the dying; where mercy, sympathy and brotherly love have fled, and hate, anger, and brutality reign. A world of war, where the fiery imps of the inferno are let loose, and where fathers, husbands, and sons are transformed into demons, whose only desire is to kill not beasts of prey but men,—men with wives and families depending upon them for support; whose wives and mothers are praying for their safe return to a home that will be made desolate without them. A world in which a few may live in luxury in the midst of want and misery, and where many go hungry in the midst of plenty; and all by reason of the improper training and education of its people; all

because of ignorance, prejudice, and greed,—a greed fostered and encouraged by the mistaken idea that man is entitled to keep for himself, and to take from his fellow-men, all that he can, regardless of the hardships and miseries that others may suffer thereby.

CHAPTER III

THE END OF THE FLIGHT

After completing his observations, as mentioned in the beginning, and satisfying himself regarding our location in space, Creon informed me that the (to me) new world that we were seeking was now in sight, and that our journey would soon be ended. Being anxious to see the object of our destination, which had been continually in my mind for some time, I at once went to one of the front outlooks and was surprised to see what seemed to be a large ball moving through space in our direction, and which, as I continued to watch it, appeared to gradually increase in size as it approached.

As we were now within the gravitational influence of this planet, our motive power was turned off, except sufficient to enable us to maintain our course, and keep the car in its proper position and under control. In less than an hour we entered into the atmosphere of this planet, and that which I had at first observed as a large ball, traveling through space and growing in size, was now beneath us,—a huge world, toward which we were descending; al-

though to my unaccustomed eyes it appeared to be coming toward us at a terrific rate of speed.

After descending to within one mile, as I judged, from this earth, Creon, by some manipulation of the machinery, stopped our descent, and after taking observations through some glasses, changed our course to the right. He also partially turned off the motive power, so that we maintained a speed of about a hundred miles an hour; and handing me the glasses, with the request that I inform him as soon as I should observe a mountain range with three distinct peaks, the center one being somewhat higher than the others, he busied himself with getting together his personal effects, opened two or three of the glass outlooks, and withdrew the bolts and bars fastening the heavy steel door by which we had entered,—all with as little concern as if he were about to leave his hotel.

This new world now seemed to be passing in review beneath us, and with the glasses I could distinctly observe it in detail. That part over which we were passing was for the most part a densely populated country, with cities scattered here and there, but none of any considerable size, or closely built. All the buildings had ample grounds, which were well kept and planted in gardens, shrubbery, and trees, producing a pleasing, prosperous, and comfortable appearance.

One thing that particularly impressed me was that, so far as I could see, none of the cities over which we passed had any business centers. There were here and there large, substantial buildings that appeared to have architectural beauty, and also huge buildings that had the appearance of being warehouses, but of large stores and office buildings there were none. The country over which we passed was in a high state of cultivation, and the farms and fields were small in the greater number of instances. The houses in the country appeared to be very much the same as those in the cities, and I noticed that the buildings, lawns, trees, and shrubbery had the same neat and well-kept appearance. Highways, with hedges and trees growing on either side, extended in every direction. Some of these highways were much wider than others, with a space in the center upon which grass, trees, and shrubbery were growing, and through the center of this space I observed cars, resembling our trolley cars, passing back and forth. People were working in the fields and traveling along the highways. Horses, cattle, and other domestic animals were grazing in the pastures. Life, and busy life, was everywhere visible.

In passing over several rivers and lakes I observed many boats and craft of various kinds and sizes plying back and forth, but what kind of motive power was used in their propulsion I

was unable to determine. Upon one lake of considerable size there was a large number of sailboats and launches, and a crowd of people was gathered upon the shore. As we passed over it, a race between several of the sailboats was just being finished, and I could see through the glasses the crowd surge back and forth, and for the moment their cheers and shouts, mingled with strains of music, floated faintly up to us.

In all the cities and villages there were numerous parks and places for outdoor games and sports, and in nearly all of these parks there were many people, sports of some kind being in progress in the greater number of these public grounds. The nature of these games I, from my point of observation, was unable to determine; although, judging from the many horses on the field, in some instances, I concluded that they played a prominent part in the sports. The higher hills were all clothed with forests, and there was usually more or less timber around the lakes and along the rivers. A more beautiful and pleasing country to look upon one could never expect to see. Its principal beauty, however, consisted in its development under the hand of man. Here was a country made beautiful by man, and made to produce to its uttermost for his needs and pleasures.

I had become so interested in observing this panorama passing beneath me that I had for-

gotten to keep an outlook as requested by my companion, and had also failed to notice that the day was drawing to a close, until I suddenly realized that the sun was setting and darkness was gathering over the villages and fields below. There had been a change in the landscape over which we were passing, it being somewhat broken, with less evidence of habitation, and after passing over a stretch of country, which apparently was utilized for the grazing of stock, I observed that the country beyond was covered with forest. In looking through my glasses to see if I could ascertain its extent, I discovered that we were approaching a range of mountains, and the three peaks for which Creon had requested me to watch. The speed of the car was now slackened, and the matter of landing was soon and easily accomplished by slowly settling down to the ground.

Upon alighting from the car, I could see by the dim light yet remaining that we had landed in a small level meadow of not more than an acre in extent, surrounded on three sides by high perpendicular walls, almost, in fact, wholly surrounded, as there was only a small opening at one end, so narrow that it appeared only a mere crevice. I was trying to satisfy myself whether our landing place was the work of nature or of the titanic hand of a gigantic race, when my companion broke the silence by announcing:

"Time, two hundred and forty-nine hours, twenty-four minutes."

That was the time that it had taken us to travel from the world that I had always believed was the only one to this, the new world that I had been so interested in observing for the past few hours. A trip from one of the planets of the universe to another in a little over ten days,—from the earth to one of its stars! But to which one I do not know.

CHAPTER IV

GOLD A USELESS THING

It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when I stop to consider fully all that I am about to relate concerning that world that I visited and its people with whom I associated, I am forcibly reminded of that well-known adage. Nevertheless, I will describe that world and its people, and especially their social system and form of government,—if it can be so called,—just as I saw it without any concealment or exaggeration, and regardless of whether they conform to my ideas or the ideas of my readers upon those subjects. Unless I do that this story would be a vain and useless thing.

That, without gold,—or what we term wealth,—men and women can enjoy all the comforts, pleasures, and even the luxuries that make life worth the living will no doubt seem impossible to many, and when I go further and state that under the system that I there found in operation poverty and want were unknown my readers will say that such a condition is inconceivable, and when, as I proceed, it appears that

war, with all its horrors,—the death, misery, and suffering that it inflicts,—is never even thought of by those people, they will declare that I am dealing with the impossible.

I will admit that there was a time when I would have entertained the same opinions, and would promptly have pronounced such assertions the phantoms of a dreamy mind; but what one has seen with his own eyes he is bound to believe, regardless of the opinions of others; and if all doubters could make that journey and mingle with the inhabitants of that world as I have, they would no longer consider that gold is necessary to human enjoyment; they would no longer believe that war, poverty, and want are the natural inheritance of mankind and must therefore be endured. And I am confident that, as I describe it all, each and all of my readers will say that it would be a delightful world in which to live, and in order to do so they would be willing to perform their part at all times; and they may perhaps wonder if there is not some way by which they can reach it and become one of those contented, happy and carefree people. Even though they may not feel that way, at any rate they will stop and wonder if all the cares and perplexities, the disappointments and annoyances, the burdens that they are required to carry, are after all really necessary; whether they are not the product of a complicated and cumbersome social system,

founded upon the mistaken idea that every one is entitled to acquire and keep all that he can, regardless of the necessities of others; and having allowed their mind to carry them that far, they may reach the conclusion that a great improvement over present earthly conditions is possible. Yet, when they arrive at that conclusion they may reach that "stumbling block" over which so many have fallen, and say that it could be done, were it not for the perversity of human nature.

But under those circumstances the best way to surmount that obstacle is to take a minute, personal inventory, so as to have an average specimen of human nature to work on, and if that inventory proves satisfactory, there is no foundation for believing that the perversity of human nature is the great obstacle that prevents a sociological change for the better. When any man or woman reaches the conclusion that morally, socially, or spiritually he, or she, is better than his fellow-kind, the conclusion is usually based upon a false premise, and the sooner the delusion is cast aside the better it will be for that person and those with whom he may associate.

But we have traveled far from the car in which we made the journey to that world I am going to describe, and must return or we may not be able to find the pocket in the mountain

in which we alighted after our flight through space.

Our first night in that new world we spent in our car, at the point where we had landed,—I will not say "slept," since for me sleep, for the greater part of the night, was impossible. I was more excited and restless than when we had first started on our journey. The thought kept passing through my mind that I was not in a new country but in a new world,—one of the stars of the universe that I had no doubt watched with interest as it twinkled down at me as I lay by my campfire during some of my travels upon my world in the past. The door and outlooks were open, and a cool, refreshing breeze passed through the car, in which the fragrance of the forest was especially noticeable after our days of close confinement.

Some time after midnight the moon, full and round, on its journey reached mid-heaven and flooded with silvery light the pocket in which we lay. I could no longer remain inactive, and quietly going outside, stood for some time contemplating the beauties of the night and speculating upon the unreality of my phenomenal adventure. And as I stood there alone in the silence of the night a feeling of awe came over me that I could not cast aside. I could comprehend as never before the immensity of the universe,—the vastness of space. I could fully realize that the stars with which the heavens

were studded were planets,—real worlds,—probably teeming with life, and each performing its part in that great planetary programme that commenced with the beginning of time and will continue on forever; and then I thought that, in comparison with it all, how infinitely small is one individual man.

That thought, however, not appealing to my fancy, I commenced a search of the stars to see if I could not in some way decide which one of them was the world I had so recently left,—my world,—and finally decided upon one that seemed to be a little nearer and brighter than the others. I then seated myself in the doorway of the car and soon after became oblivious to my surroundings, in sleep.

When I awoke, the sun was shining on the tops of the cliffs by which we were surrounded, and not more than fifty feet from me were two large animals gazing in wonder at our car, but apparently paying no attention whatever to me. As soon as I recovered from my surprise and momentary alarm, I saw that they were a couple of beautiful elk, and my hunting spirit was immediately aroused. But, remembering with regret that there were no weapons in the car, I could only remain quiet and watch them as they carefully went on with their inspection. After satisfying their curiosity, they slowly crossed the small meadow and disappeared in

the canyon or small opening through the cliffs by which they must have entered.

I had become so absorbed in watching the animals that I had not noticed that Creon had prepared our morning meal until he announced that our last meal to be eaten in the car for some time was ready.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast we placed the car in its hangar, which had been constructed from a cavern in the cliffs, and then started on our journey down the mountain; following a footpath for some five or six miles, until we reached a highway that continued along the bank of a small river.

Although in an unbroken forest, this was a broad and well-kept road, with macadam surface and cuts and fills to maintain a uniform grade. The timber was mostly deciduous, with here and there some pines, hemlock, fir, and spruce, and reminded me of a forest in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. It was an ideal June day; the trees were in full foliage, and wild flowers were blooming along the pathway. Game and song birds, rabbits and squirrels, were everywhere present, and we often saw deer and elk. All the animals and birds were remarkably tame, paying scarcely any attention to us as we passed along.

"Do you know why these animals and birds are not afraid of men,—why they do not scurry from sight upon our approach?" inquired

Creon, as I stopped to admire a beautiful animal that was leisurely crossing the path a short distance ahead of us. "It is because here men do not chase them with dogs and guns. Dogs we have as pets and companions, but of firearms there are none, we have no use for them. In this country there is not one instrument made for the destruction of men or beasts. Without weapons to kill and destroy, the desire to kill vanishes. Hunting, killing, and destroying are not the sport and enjoyment of a truly civilized and enlightened race."

On the bank of the river, where the path we had followed joined the highway, was a place used for camping and picnics. Some tables and benches had been constructed beneath the trees and a stone contrivance, something like an open fireplace for cooking and preparing meals, was near the river. It was a beautiful place, with green banks gradually sloping to the river, shaded with large and beautiful maple and oak trees. Here we lay down on the bank for a short rest, to enjoy the cool shade and listen to the murmur of the water mingling with the songs of the birds. It was a restful, peaceful spot. A deer stood knee-deep in the water only a few yards away. A couple of squirrels were chasing one another around and up and down a neighboring tree; a kingfisher came slowly up the river, just skimming its surface and, perching upon a limb overhang-

ing the water, sat motionless, watching for his dinner. The *rap-pe-tap-tap* of a woodpecker upon a hollow tree in the distance floated through the woods almost unnoticed and seemed to fill in as a part of the surroundings.

My companion had been in high spirits all the morning, but although the day was fine, the scenery beautiful, and the walk through the woods pleasant, after being confined so long in the car, I was depressed and worried. I could not get over the feeling that I was in a new world among strangers, without means to meet the necessities of life. While I had my gold with me, I felt that I had a protector, and the leaving it behind caused me much trouble and concern. During our walk I said very little, and the more I thought of my situation the more downhearted and depressed I became, until by the time we stopped to rest, my feelings had reached the point where I had begun to suspect my companion of some ulterior motive in bringing me to a strange land without money or means. True, he had told me that I would not need money, and that if I had any it would be a useless thing; nevertheless, I was unable to comprehend such a condition, and could not understand why with gold I would not be able to procure anything I desired. How I was to get along without it was unthinkable.

Noticing my dejected and worried appearance, which must have been very apparent,

Creon inquired if I were ill; as from his view of life, sickness and death were the only causes for worry and unhappiness. Upon my answering him in the negative, he looked at me intently for a moment and said:

"Oh! I see,—you are homesick. Well, if that is the case, you can go back at any time you wish, but I would advise you most sincerely not to be in too great a hurry, as you have much to see and to learn, if you will remain for a time."

I then explained the cause of my troubled mind and said to him:

"I have learned that gold is the one friend to keep and rely upon, for so long as you possess it your other friends stand by you, but without it most of them desert you. With gold in plenty your friends are legion and the pathway of life smooth; you are looked up to and respected by all, the best there is to be had is yours; the rich and the great are pleased to call you friend, and all others are ever ready to do your bidding; you are sought after, wined, and dined and the fairest of the fair are proud of your company and recognition. But without this magic yellow metal your life is hard, without companions, and without friends, and you may reach the state,—as many others have, —where you will be without a place to lay your head or a crumb to eat, and left to die a miserable death, unnoticed and alone. With gold,

life's needs and pleasures are at all times obtainable, while without it misery and want are sure to follow. Here I am millions of miles from home, with only the clothes I have on and without a dollar in my pocket. How can any one be cheerful under such circumstances?"

For fully a minute Creon gazed at me with a look of sadness and pity that I shall never forget. Slowly rising to his feet, he let his eyes rest for a moment upon the deer still standing in the water and at his mate coming down the river bank, then, turning to me, with the sadness gone from his face and in its place the same happy, care-free expression that first attracted my attention, even before I had formed his acquaintance, he said:

"You have shown what training, education, and environment will do; they will cause a whole nation,—yes, a whole race of mankind,—to fully believe that a yellow metal taken from the earth, without any medicinal virtue, furnishes the sole means for life's needs and enjoyments. That it has the power of sustaining life itself, and, without it, life is not worth the living. On account of that belief you, a man of intelligence beyond the average, surrounded by the beauties of nature, on a glorious day, with all animal and bird life full of peace and joy, trusting in their Maker, are unhappy, worried, and miserable just because you have left behind you a few hundreds of pieces of this

wonderful thing, which you and your fellow-men have been taught to worship. In the world you are in now, the training, education, and environment of mankind have been different. The people are no longer in a state of barbarism; they have reached a state of civilization and enlightenment. You know what a world is in which the belief you have just expressed exists,—where gold is worshipped. Come with me, meet the people in this world, mingle with them, and learn that gold is not necessary to life, to happiness, or the means of furnishing the necessities of life, but is, instead, the curse of your race, and, instead of being the friend you think, is the source of all your unhappiness.

"A man thinks as he is trained to think; as a man thinks, so is the man; as men are, so is the nation. Some of your people realize this and are trying to break the fetters of environment by which they are bound, and have been able to partially free themselves; the recognized right of ownership, the right to have and to hold, has been so long instilled into the minds of your people that it has become the great obstacle in the way of your progress, prosperity, and happiness. If the people of your world could once and for all surmount that obstacle, the rest would be easy.

"You cannot by force compel a man to believe in this or in that. The human mind cannot be thus controlled. But through a system

of training and education from childhood, coupled with environment, man may be made to embrace any belief, or accept any social condition. In religon he may be a Christian or a follower of Mahomet, or Confucius. As to political government, he may be made to believe in a republic or a monarchy. He may, as you know, be made to believe in and accept the social conditions of your world as right and proper, or he may be made to see and believe that the system that you will find here is the only one under which the human race may live in peace, contentment, and plenty."

What Creon said, and his frank, earnest manner in saying it, convinced me that I had no cause for apprehension, and I immediately apologized for my rudeness and distrust. I also informed him that I was ready to proceed, and had no desire to return to my world until I had seen with my own eyes that system he had so interestingly explained.

"I hoped that you would," he said. "Down this road about a mile you will come in contact with this system for the first time, and I am sure you will appreciate it when you fully understand it. You will find it humane, simple, and effectual."

CHAPTER V

ENTRÉE INTO THE NEW WORLD

Before going out into that world and mingling with its people I was fully instructed by Creon regarding the habits and manners of the inhabitants; their industrial methods, educational systems and social customs; their amusements, and their manner of transacting business, if you may call it such. But I soon found that even then I must have appeared strange and sometimes, I fear, uncouth to those with whom I first came in contact; although I had always mingled in what we call the best society.

One of the things that my instructor tried to impress upon my mind was that in that world there was no money, nor any necessity for money, and that everything I needed was free and to be had for the asking. I, of course, protested against this, supposing that, as his guest, he expected to provide for all my needs during my stay. I had, however, without his knowing it, taken quite a sum of gold with me; all of which he made me leave in the car, saying with a laugh:

"It will be perfectly safe, as you are now in a country where gold is of no value nor of any use for any purpose, as you will soon see and appreciate."

This brought to my mind that during the time I had known Creon he always had plenty of money, with which he was very liberal, and I was curious to know where and how he procured it, if there were none there. When we were about to go from the car he was so insistent that I leave my gold,—as a useless thing to take with me,—that I ventured to inquire how he procured the money that he appeared to have in plenty when in a country where it was so needed for comfort, even for existence.

"Naturally," he said with a smile, "that would seem a little strange to you, and undoubtedly requires an explanation on my part."

Then, stepping into the buffet kitchen, he removed the cover from a large jar, and requested me to examine its contents, whereupon, to my surprise I found that it contained diamonds, pearls, and other stones of value, most of them in the rough.

"This," he said, "is the source from which I procure my supply of funds when in your world. All I have to do is to convert as many as I like of these into cash, which is an easy matter, and I can always procure more when my supply becomes exhausted. In this world you are now in there are diamonds and other

precious stones, as you call them, and as they are not used by the people as ornaments or in any other manner, except some of them in a mechanical way, they are of no more use than other stones and pebbles. The wearing of ornaments such as earrings, necklaces, and finger rings by your people is another evidence that they have not entirely emerged from barbarism."

One thing that Creon was particular in impressing upon my mind was that the people associate with one another upon an equal basis. The man who works in the ditches, on the streets, in the stables, or on the farm, is socially the equal of any one. Those that serve you at table, cook your food, or blacken your shoes, are at all times your social equals, and are entitled to the same courtesies and the same consideration as any other person. That for one to work and do his share is honorable, no matter what that work may be, so long as it is necessary and a part of the system. All whom I met possessed a frank, courteous and agreeable manner, and greeted me with an air of friendship and good will that was irresistible. In meeting and conversing with the people it was impossible to distinguish those whom we call laborers and mechanics from those we term professional men and merchants. All were well dressed, with the appearance of being well cared for, happy, and contented. I did

not observe any person, either old or young, who was shabbily dressed and ill kept, or who had a careworn and disappointed look. Intelligence, refinement, and prosperity were everywhere present, and a more noble and robust set of men, or more beautiful and healthy women, I never expect to see.

Instead of a government, they have what I should call a system, under which every individual performs his share toward maintaining the whole and receives his share in return, and at the same time is absolutely free and independent. And, although he owns no property, as we call it, not even the house in which he lives, the table upon which he eats, the bed in which he sleeps, the tools with which he works, the horse he rides or drives, yet he has them all and knows to a certainty that he will have them so long as he has need of them. And, although, if he be a tiller of the soil, the food that he produces no more belongs to him than it does to the man who makes his clothes, still, he is certain that he will always have food in plenty. And under this system every one, young and old, knows that so long as he does his share toward maintaining the system he can never be in want, even though he be helpless with sickness or useless with age; never be without a good, well-furnished house in which to reside, plenty to eat and to wear, free libraries, free music, free amusements, and free everything

that goes to make up life's need and pleasures. And not only that, but he knows that he will always have plenty of leisure and opportunity for the full enjoyment of these benefits,—all upon a broad plan of equality as one big family working together, each for the greatest good of all; not under a system where one may be rich and living in luxury to-day, surrounded by family and friends, with servants to do his bidding, and to-morrow be poor, friendless, ill, and cold, without either a crumb to eat or a place to lay his head.

About a mile down the road from where we had stopped to rest on the bank of the river, we came to a small village consisting of a number of dwellings, a schoolhouse, a public building, hotel, store, stable, and a few small houses. The highway here formed the main street of the village, and from it a circular driveway led around past the public building, hotel, and stable, which were located on the river bank some distance back from the main street.

The space between the main street and these buildings was laid out as a park, with a fountain and bandstand near the center, and seats here and there under the trees. The dwellings were surrounded by extensive grounds, which showed careful attention. All the buildings, including the dwelling houses, were principally constructed of stone, brick, or cement, and possessed originality of architectural design and

individuality of treatment. The hotel was between the public building and the stable, and was constructed of stone and brick, with broad verandas, which gave it a cool, comfortable, and inviting appearance. One of the verandas extended out almost over the river and was used as one of the dining-rooms when desired.

As we turned into the driveway a dozen or more horses, saddled and bridled, were being led from the stable to the front entrance of the hotel, and as we approached, a party of ladies and gentlemen in riding costume came out, mounted, and galloped down the driveway past us, waving a merry good-day as they rode by,—a greeting that was heartily returned by my companion.

From the well-kept appearance of the village and its surroundings, the style of the hotel, the dress of the people, and the smart, up-to-date appearance of the riding party, I concluded that this was a favorite mountain resort, where no one except the servants had anything to do but enjoy life; and so I expressed myself to Creon, who simply said:

"Our walk and the fresh air have given me a good appetite; and as it is now a little past the noon hour, wait until we have had lunch, and then we will go into the park, and you may then give me your impressions of this place and the people."

Upon entering the building, I found that the

interior was as pleasing as the exterior and had the usual appearance of a first-class summer hotel in my country. Well-dressed ladies and gentlemen were about the rotunda and on the verandas, apparently without anything to do but amuse themselves. Some were dressed in riding clothes, and one party had tennis rackets and wore costumes suitable for that game.

We passed into the dining-room overlooking the river, and were given a table by a young lady who had the room in charge. The cooking and service were excellent, with an ample menu. During the meal my companion informed me that we would remain here until morning, and after we had finished our meal he would see about rooms for the night. Although we were late, a number of guests still lingered over their meal, and no one seemed to be pressed for time.

I noticed that the men were all strong, healthy, and tanned, showing that they spent much of their time out of doors. Their conversation ran chiefly to outdoor sports, power plants, and forests. And from all I could understand from the conversation of one group at a table near ours, I gathered that they were interested in an extensive electric power plant in the vicinity.

After we had finished our meal, and Creon had arranged for our rooms, we went to the

park, where, after procuring a seat by ourselves, my companion remarked:

"Well, tell me what you think of this place and the people, from what you have thus far observed."

Before answering I let my eyes take in the surroundings, and made a mental note of what I saw. There were a number of people in the park,—some reading, others engaged in conversation; all were well dressed and apparently were people of leisure and means. In the tennis courts,—of which there were several,—games of tennis were being played, and quite a crowd was occupied in interestedly watching the games. Several smart turnouts, with beautiful, highbred horses and fine harnesses were visible, while in the carriages were ladies and gentlemen enjoying an afternoon drive. A few men were working around the park, looking after the lawn, shrubbery, and flowers. These and the employees about the hotel and stable were the only persons who seemed to be occupied with work.

"Surely," I thought, "this is a resort where the people of wealth come to enjoy the summer months, away from the heat and noise of the city. A delightful place it is!—and, if I am not mistaken, an expensive one, also. This talk of Creon's about there being no ownership of property, no wealth, and of every one's doing his share, as well as that wonderful system of

his that he has told me so much about, is nonsense. I will cut a pretty figure here,—I will,—without a cent to my name. It only takes a glance at my surroundings to disprove the whole thing."

And all my faith, my hopes, and the ideals that I had built up were once more destroyed. Then, turning to my companion, I said:

"I do not know what to think, or what to say. To me it is plain that this is a place where people of means and leisure come to spend their money and enjoy themselves. That the people we see are men and women of wealth and refinement, who have not been burdened with the ordinary cares of life, and are here living a life of pleasure, no one can question. I have seen too many places of this kind to be mistaken. From what you have told me of this world, this is the one place I did not expect to find. You have tried to instil into my mind that in this world all men are equal; that there are no idle rich; that here none work and toil that others may live in idleness and luxury, and yet, the first time I come in contact with your people I find the very opposite condition to exist.

"Look at the men working upon the lawns and attending to the flowers, that these idlers may enjoy their beauty; see those grooms bringing the horses and waiting upon the people who go out into the sunshine and enjoy the

beauties of nature without effort. Do I not see one class waiting upon and doing the bidding of another class, just exactly as I have seen in my world during all my life? Why have you deceived me in the way you have? What object had you in telling me that life and social conditions here were different from what they are in the world from which we so lately came? Even a few short hours ago, when I became doubtful, worried, and downhearted, you cheered me up and caused me to cast aside my doubts and fears by the promise that I should soon be brought face to face with this wonderful system of yours; and now that I am here I find nothing as I had hoped,—nothing as I had been led to believe,—and am doomed to disappointment."

In my excitement the feeling that I had been wronged and imposed upon overwhemed me completely, and I was about to turn away, with the idea of making my way back to the car, hoping that I might be able to get my gold, when noticing the look of amusement with which Creon was regarding me, I hesitated, and stood looking him full in the face, unable either to do or say anything further. He could, of course see that I was very much agitated, and for the second time that day I doubted his sincerity.

"Possibly," he said, "your conclusions are warranted, in view of what you have observed,

and I am frank to tell you that I expected as much. But do you not observe any difference between these people and those you have been accustomed to see in the resorts of which you speak?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do. There are, I must confess, none of the newly rich,—the parvenu is not in evidence; nor do I see the ostentatious display of wealth, the snobocracy, that is so conspicuous about the hotels and resorts in that world of mine. The ladies here are not so made up nor so overdressed, and I observe that there are not the extreme styles in dress nor the desire to attract attention. I have never seen about a place of this kind a people dressed in better taste and more refined in looks and appearance. These people possess culture and refinement as well as wealth. It must be a very exclusive place, and you have, no doubt, brought me here in order that my first impression of your people will be favorable. I notice that even the servants about the hotel are not ordinary people. But all this is not to the point. While it is a pleasure to meet and associate with people of culture and refinement, I did not have to travel millions of miles from one planet to another to find such."

"I am much pleased," said Creon, "to know that you are favorably impressed with the people, the place, and the surroundings. I hoped that you would be. Now I am going to tell you

something that will be a greater surprise to you than anything that you have yet heard, or seen. You have told me who, judging from their dress and manners, you think these people are; to what class, as you say, they belong. These people you see,—these people of culture, refinement, and supposed wealth, belong to what you would call the laboring class. These men,—or at least the majority of them,—are bricklayers, concrete mixers, mechanics of one kind or another, wood cutters, and farmers, who are working regular hours at their employment every day. There are a few professional men, such as doctors, architects and civil engineers, and here and there a traveler like ourselves.

"The ladies that you see here are their wives and daughters and, like them, are doing their share in some kind of employment. Another thing that may surprise you is that instead of this place being a fashionable resort,—a place for the idle rich, as you say, to waste their time and spend their money,—it is an obscure frontier village, as this part of the country is just being cleared of its forest and prepared for the habitation of man. I see that you are not convinced; but, if you will take a short walk with me, I will prove all I have said. It is now nearly three o'clock and you can have an opportunity of seeing this system in full operation. Do you see that many of the men are leaving the park

and their amusements? Those men are going to their work for the day."

Proceeding up the river a short distance, we came to a place where a large dam across the river and an electric power plant were being constructed. Here a couple of hundred or more men were at work: some engaged in excavating; some constructing forms for concrete; others laying brick, while others seemed to have the work in charge, supervising and planning. Most of the men were bareheaded and barearmed; all were powerful, well formed, muscular fellows, working with an earnestness and efficiency such as I had never seen before. Stopping upon a close-by elevation, where we could look down upon them, I observed that these men were dressed for the work they were engaged in, and that there was no shirking or loitering on the job, each man attending strictly to the work he was doing.

Near where this work was going on there was a long two-story building into which well-dressed men, such as I had seen in the park and about the hotel, were entering, and among them I recognized two of the gentlemen in the group at the table next to ours when we were at luncheon. Being curious, I inquired of Creon what the building was used for.

"Why, that building," he replied, "is where the workmen change their clothing. Each man has a locker, in which he keeps his working

clothes, and changes before going to work. By doing this, the men are not seen upon the streets, in their homes, and about the hotels and parks, in their working clothes, but have the appearance, as you seem to think, of being men of wealth, with leisure to enjoy it.

"In the building there are hot and cold water, bathrooms sufficient for all, shower and plunge baths, and attendants in charge. As soon as the men finish their work they go there, remove their working clothes, take their baths, don their other clothes, and are through work for the day, with the feeling that they have performed their part, and are free to read, ride, and play,—are men of leisure until it is time to go to their work the next day.

"Men who perform this kind of labor only work three hours in each day, as the work of the day is divided into four shifts, the first shift going to work at six o'clock in the morning, and the last quitting at six in the evening. The men now working commenced at noon and will work until three, and the men you have seen entering that building are now getting ready to take their places and will work until six.

"With short hours of labor, good living, wholesome amusements, and no dissipation, these men are always strong, healthy, and willing, and will accomplish more in the three hours they work than your laboring men do in eight or ten. They have no cares, no worries, and are

never overworked, tired, or worn. For twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours of the day they are men of leisure, with means of enjoyment furnished them free. And then, they know that when they arrive at the age of sixty years their labors are over, and during the balance of their lives they will occupy a position that can only be attained by those that live to reach that age. They live in good homes or in first class hotels. They dress well, live well, and are pure and healthy in mind as well as in body.

"From an economic standpoint, the mechanics and laboring men here cost the community less than they do in your country, give much more in return, and receive a great deal more for themselves. Here, as you see, they are in wealth and in social standing the equal of any man; their occupation is honorable, and they are independent and self respecting. Their lives are clean, noble, and enjoyable. They do not drink to excess,—not even regularly, or as a habit,—and tobacco in this country is unknown.

"Did you ever stop to think of the enormous cost of drink and tobacco each year to the laboring men in your country,—not counting their loss of force and energy therefrom? Neither of these give anything in return and are a total loss to the men themselves and to the community. Then consider your losses by reason of strikes; the fights between capital and labor,

which of course are brought about by reason of your insane system, and must continue as long as that system exists. Then the inefficiency, and the desire not to give too much in return for the wage received. All of this is a burden upon your people, and is one of the chief causes of the high cost of living, which I heard so much about when there. Your people must get away from all this. The laboring man knows that he is being wronged, and in retaliation wrongs others as well as himself. Capital is grasping, relentless, and hard; without a soul; without sympathy; without pity, and without reason. Thus you go on under a system by which, instead of working together for the good of all, you work, plan, and fight against one another, making life as hard and burdensome as possible."

"Do all men work only three hours each day?" I inquired.

"No," he informed me; "the men who superintend the work, and do no manual labor work six."

Just then a gong sounded, and the men came out of the building, dressed in their working clothes, and took the places of those we had seen at work. I noticed that the men working did not stop until those who took their places arrived, and then, turning over their tools to the new men, they all entered the building from which the others had come. In going to their

work there was no evidence that the work was distasteful or irksome. Instead, they reminded me of the manner in which professional ball players go upon the grounds to commence a game of ball. There was the vim and enthusiasm in their manner and conduct that one notes in a number of athletes in action. My companion informed me that most of these men took up lighter employment by the time they were forty-five.

"In fact," he said, "I think I owe a great deal of my physique and good health to the little over ten years I served my country as a bricklayer."

"Were you a bricklayer?" I inquired, for the moment somewhat astonished, as I had found him to be a man of the highest type of culture and refinement.

"Why, yes," he answered; "and I flatter myself that I was a fairly good one and could lay as many bricks in three hours as the best of them. You appear surprised, and from your way of judging men, my admission may have the effect of causing you a momentary shock. I know that, under the method of training and education that you have received, bricklayers, as well as others who perform manual labor, are looked upon as a class not to be recognized in what you call good society. At the same time, a man who has money, no matter how he may have obtained it,—if he is willing to

spend it freely,—will be recognized and made much of.

"Money is the thing that is recognized by your people, while brains, ability, and merit are of secondary importance. As a laborer a man may pass through life unrecognized and alone, but if by some freak of fortune he suddenly acquires an abundance of gold, he finds that friends gather around him in vast numbers, and he is no longer a nonentity but a person of influence and importance; that people who, before he was touched by this magic wand, passed him by as unworthy of notice now meet him with a hearty welcome, and the doors of the wealthy and great are opened wide that he may enter.

"You will doubtless call to mind many men in your world, devoid of learning, culture, and refinement, ignorant, coarse and uncouth, vile in habits, and foul of mouth, who, on account of their wealth, are looked up to, sought after, honored, and respected; when in many instances it is known by all that their wealth was acquired by oppression, by fraud and deceit, by taking undue advantage of others, by the toil and misery of the child and mother, and even perhaps by taking the crust from the feeble grasp of the hungry and perishing. Is there anything about labor that is dishonorable,—any reason why honest men who work with their hands should be shunned by any one? Is the

man who rides any better than the one who walks? Is there any reason why the equality and unity of mankind,—the full reality of human brotherhood,—should not prevail in your world as well as in this?

"This world in itself is no better than yours. I know them both, and I can say to you that they are in all respects alike. Here the human race has reached a high state of civilization, while in your world it is still groping in ignorance and darkness. Some there are who have pierced the gloom and are struggling toward the light. But the thirst for gold, the desire to possess, the ownership of lands and chattels, must be obliterated before any real advancement can be made.

"All who think and feel; who are not so selfish as to have lost all regard for humanity, realize the injustice and hopelessness of the existing conditions, and many are blindly striving to bring about a change for the better, but are met with the idea that human nature cannot be changed and that it is useless to try. If we concede that the human race prefers war, strife, turmoil and misery to peace, contentment, happiness and prosperity, the conditions that prevail in your world cannot be changed. You have seen our laborers at work and you have seen them when not at work; you know the conditions under which not only your laborers but all your people live and exist. Which

would you prefer to be: A laborer in this world under our system, or a millionaire in yours?"

"Surely," I answered, "the people I have seen to-day enjoy greater freedom, live better lives, and get more real enjoyment and pleasure out of life than is possible for any king or millionaire under the social conditions existing in my world. I am now convinced that all you have told me of your system, and much more, does in fact exist. I owe you an apology, and hope you will forgive my rudeness in entertaining any doubts of your sincerity. It is impossible for me after the education and training I have had, and the environment under which I have lived to comprehend the situation and conditions before me. I have only seen the rich enjoying the luxuries of life and supposed that none others could."

"Apologies are unnecessary," said Creon, "I can very well appreciate your feelings and your mode of reasoning. All of which carries out the idea that training, education, and environment are the controlling elements in human affairs. Let us return to the hotel and lay our plans for the journey which is before us, and upon which we will start in the morning."

What I had seen relieved my anxious mind and I commenced to understand the full import of all he had told me regarding the social system of those wonderful people.

And then there appeared to me the vision of a portrait upon a wall,—beautiful and inspiring: the portrait of a girl with smiling lips and laughing eyes that removed all further hint of the doubt and anxiety that had been haunting my troubled mind.

CHAPTER VI

AN EQUESTRIAN DANCE

On our way back from the power plant my companion informed me that our ultimate destination, the Capital of the Country, was some five hundred miles from where we were, and that we could either make the journey by train or procure horses, and either drive or ride. I, of course, told him that his plans were mine, and that I did not want in any manner to interfere with his business or pleasure.

"It is," he said, "my business as well as my pleasure to show you this country, its people, and our social system in full operation. I have brought you here for that purpose and my time is yours, and I hope your time is mine. If we travel all of the way by train, you will see very little of the country and people, and I would advise that we either procure saddle horses and ride, or a team and drive. We can then make the journey by easy stages, which will enable you not only to see the country and the cities and villages as we journey along, but meet the people also. How would you like to make twenty-five miles to-morrow on horseback

to a small town, located at the head of a lake which is about one hundred miles in length? Then instead of following the road around the lake, we can go by boat to the lower end, and then determine the manner in which we will complete our journey."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, as I am very fond of riding," I replied. "But we are without suitable clothes for riding, and then, how about horses? You know we are not coming back, and we would have to make arrangements for their return. And then what will we do about the few things we have? While I have never traveled in as light marching order as now, still we have enough to make it uncomfortable to carry on horseback."

"Oh, I think we can manage all that without any difficulty," he said. "Suppose we go over to the stable and ascertain what arrangements we can make about procuring horses."

Having been interested in observing the people and the surroundings generally, I had not given the stable building any special attention, but upon approaching it, I observed that it was a large two-story building of concrete structure, with extensive wings on the sides, and in the rear a covered circular space or rink for the exercising of horses and indoor riding in bad weather. As we entered, a beautiful, evenly-matched pair of blacks were being harnessed to a light driving buggy, and five or six other

horses were being saddled. As soon as the blacks were ready, a lady and gentleman came out from the waiting-room, each presenting a card to the attendant in charge, who, procuring a small punch from his pocket, punched each of the cards, as a train conductor would do with a passenger ticket, and handed back the card, with the wish that they might have a pleasant drive.

As the two passed us in driving out, the lady gave us a pleasant nod of recognition, and her companion, upon noticing it, raised his hat with a polite salutation. I could not refrain from watching the horses as they moved down the driveway toward the main street. Their poise, style, and gait plainly indicated that they were thoroughbreds of the highest type. Carrying their heads erect, with arching necks, without check or curb, they were as fine a pair as I would ever wish to draw rein over.

"There," I thought, "are some persons of importance, to have a turnout like that! I must find out who they are."

So, turning to Creon, who stood beside me, I said:

"There is a pair of horses that it would be a delight to own. Who are those people? I noticed that they seemed to recognize you, and how is it that they have a pair of horses like that kept for their pleasure?"

"That lady and gentleman?" he asked.

"Why, if I am not mistaken, the gentleman is one of the workmen we saw at the power plant a short time ago, and as to the lady, if you had not been so interested in the horses, you would have observed that she was the lady who waited upon us at luncheon. I presume she is the wife of the gentleman with her. They have finished their work for the day and are now taking an evening drive, which they have, no doubt, well earned."

"But the horses!" I exclaimed. "Surely such magnificent animals as those are not furnished for the use of every one. In my world, millionaires who are lovers of horses do not have any better."

"Yes, they are a good pair," he replied. "Now let us look over the stable and select a couple for ourselves for to-morrow. We had better make an early start and enjoy the morning air."

"How can we select a couple for ourselves?" I inquired. "You speak as though the stable were yours and that all you have to do is to order what you want and you get it."

"Well," he said, "it does come pretty close to that. So far as the ownership, as you call it, is concerned, I own it as much as any one; and as to procuring what we want, any of the saddle horses in the stable, not already engaged, are ours for to-morrow, and all we have to do is to select them. Before going through the stable I

want to say that I am satisfied you will see here a better class of horses than you ever before saw in any one stable. In the first place, our horses are never overworked nor underfed, and have the very best of care and attention.

"Then, we do not breed in your usual haphazard way, without regard to color, weight, style, strain, or adaptation to a special use. Our horses are bred and raised on farms specially fitted for the purpose, under the charge and direction of men who are experts, and make that their life's study. Then the colts and young horses are trained, not broken. Those farms are devoted to the breeding of special classes, such as saddle horses or driving horses, and upon others the combination horse used for both saddle and driving is made a specialty; light and heavy draft-horses are also bred with as much care and attention as is given to the raising of ponies for the children, polo ponies, racers, and jumpers.

"Polo, racing, and hurdle-jumping are all favorite sports here, and as there is, of course, no betting, and as all are for the sport of the game, the contests are keen, and the best win. In the horse shows and in the racing and jumping contests the trainer usually rides the horse that he trains, and the farms upon which the winners are bred and trained are held in great repute. Look at those saddle horses over there, and notice the wide foreheads, silky manes and

tails, deep plump chests, small, well-shaped feet and legs, glossy coats, style, and movement. Every one of them, to a good horseman, looks and acts like a winner. Do you know it does not cost any more to keep and take care of horses like those than it does to feed and care for that many scrubs? and then see what we have in return."

"You speak of polo ponies, racers and jumpers. Do the people here play polo, have horse shows, horse races, and all that sort of thing?" I inquired.

"Certainly they do, and, by the way, I understand there is to be an equestrian dance at the polo grounds this evening, which will be something new to you; so, we must attend."

In looking through the stable I found the finest lot of horses that it had ever been my good fortune to inspect. Every one of them showed good breeding and care. The stable was clean and well aired, and the neatness of the men and its thorough equipment reminded me of a high-class racing stable in my own country. The horses were all kept in box stalls, the hay for their feed was chopped, and their grain ground, or rolled. Machinery for that purpose was installed in the stable and operated by electricity. I did not make inquiry as to the number of horses in the stable, but there must have been between a hundred and fifty and two hundred. On one side of the main entrance

there was a well-fitted-up office, and on the other side a large and rather luxuriously furnished waiting-room. Carriages, harnesses, and saddles were of the best, and all neat and well kept.

After thoroughly inspecting the stable, we went into the office, where Creon inquired of a gentleman sitting at the desk about procuring a couple of saddle horses to make the trip next day to the town on the lake of which he had spoken.

"When will you return?" he inquired. Upon being informed that we were travelers and would not be coming back, he thought for a moment and said:

"I suppose you would like a couple of pretty good saddlers, and we have a number from which you can have your choice. Yes, I have a pair of good ones that came up from the lake a few days ago, and should be sent back. I will have them brought out so you can see how you like them; and if they are satisfactory, you can have them."

"You need not trouble to do that," said Creon. "I am sure they will be all right, and we will call for them in the morning at six."

"Now," said Creon, after we had left the stable, "the time has come when you must become one of us, a resident for the time being of this planet, a part of our system, and entitled to all its rights and privileges. When I left here

to make your world a visit I had a vague idea that, if I found a man in whom I could confide, I would bring him back with me; so I provided myself with the means of taking care of him after I got him here."

Then, taking from his pocket a round metal piece about the size of a half-dollar, and a card such as I had seen the lady and gentleman produce in the stable, he handed them to me, saying:

"On this side of the metal piece you will see a number preceded by the abbreviation 'Dist.' That is the district in which you will belong while here,—the same in which I belong. On the other side you will see a number preceded by an initial. That is your number in this district.

"When you desire anything, you select what you need and present that metal check; that is all you are required to do. When you procure anything beyond your everyday wants,—for instance, any article of wearing apparel,—your district and number are taken by the person from whom you receive the article and forwarded to the counting house of your district, and there entered against your number. At the end of the year you will receive a statement showing what has been charged against you during the year. Those charges, however, do not include lodging and meals and the ordinary everyday necessities. So long as a person per-

forms his or her share of labor those are furnished within reason upon presenting the metal check, and no record is made of them. If it appears from your account that you are extravagant and procuring more than your share, proper action will be taken to require you to curtail your desires. It is seldom that this occurs, and it is considered a great disgrace to be called to account in that regard.

"That card is your amusement card. Pleasure is one of the objects of life, and under our system that is also provided for. We furnish means by which every man, and every woman, is provided with recreation and entertainment. You may go riding or driving, attend the theater, ball game, races, or any other place of amusement, and that card will give you those privileges.

"As you will see, there are numbers running from one to thirty-one; they represent the days of the month. You write the month across the top and sign your name at the bottom, and on the first of the month you will surrender this and receive a new card. At the stable, at the theater, or at any place of amusement you attend, present this card to an attendant in charge, and he will punch the number representing the day of the month. It serves as a pass to any entertainment for that day. You see, it is all very simple. Our plan of providing for the needs and enjoyments of the people is much

less complicated than the money system in your world and according to it every one receives his or her share and no more.

"We not only believe that all who are able should be required to perform their share toward the support and maintenance of all, but we believe that they should receive in return the necessities and comforts of life and the enjoyments and pleasures also. None is required to work unless he is perfectly able, physically and mentally, to do so; and if it is found that any one is employed on work that is too hard, or for which he is not adapted, he is given other employment. All, however, who are able to work but will not,—and such cases are very, very rare,—are first carefully examined by experts as to their mental condition; and if it is found that their minds are unbalanced they are sent to the institution for the feeble-minded for treatment; but if upon such examination they are pronounced sane, they are committed to the institution for the treatment of criminals.

"Those institutions we will visit and inspect on our way to the Capital City. You will find that our methods of caring for the insane and criminals are entirely different from what they are in your world; as different, indeed, as are our whole social and industrial systems.

"By the way, as our plan of dealing with one another is new to you, for a time you had better watch me, and when I produce my check or

card you can produce yours also. Now that you are one of us, it is necessary that you have some occupation, and for the present you will act as my secretary and travel with me as such. As it will soon be closing time, we had better proceed to the store and select our riding clothes, and you will find that there will not be any more trouble about doing that than there was in procuring the horses. After that we will dine and then go to the equestrian dance."

There was only one store in the village,—a large, two-story, brick building with basement, and, upon entering, I found that it very much resembled what we call a department store. The grocery, vegetable, and fruit departments were on the first floor, and occupied nearly its entire space.

Having made our wants known, we were directed to the second floor, where we found a large assortment of riding goods,—from boots to cap,—in stock, and we soon made our selections. As this was my first experience in getting what seemed to me something for nothing, I watched Creon very closely, with the idea that so long as I followed his lead I would pull through. So, when he produced his check and requested that his purchases, if they may be called such, be delivered at the hotel, I did the same with the best grace possible, half believing that the request would be refused.

But, notwithstanding my doubts, the numbers

on the checks were taken down, and when we arrived at the hotel some half-hour later the packages had been delivered. I had procured a complete outfit, including underwear, shirt, cap, riding boots, gloves and crop, and as soon as I reached my room I inspected and tried them on. They were finely made and a good fit, and in looking at myself in a full-length mirror in the room, I decided that I would not look out of place on the bridle paths in Central Park, especially if I had as a mount any one of the saddle horses that I had seen in the stable that afternoon.

When we entered the dining room for dinner the tables in the main room, as well as those in the one in which we lunched, were nearly all occupied. An orchestra, occupying a balcony between the dining-rooms, was playing low, soft music, which, mingling with the usual noises that abound where a couple of hundred people were dining, carried me back to the dinner hour in the fashionable hotel at Atlantic City where I had, less than two weeks before, been stopping.

In the center of the main room there was a fountain surrounded with ferns and aquatic plants, from which the gentle splashing of the water in the basin conveyed a sense of refreshing coolness. The linen, silver and china upon the tables were all set off by floral centerpieces. The decorations of the room were rich but plain, the furniture heavy, comfortable and substan-

tial, and a few paintings upon the walls gave evidence of artistic talent of considerable ability in conception and execution.

There were no men waiters, young ladies dressed in white performing that service, as I later found, in a satisfactory manner. The lady guests, although tastefully and becomingly gowned, were not in what we term evening dress, and the gentlemen were not dressed in the style usually adopted when dining in the fashionable hotels that I had been accustomed to,—like the men waiters who serve them.

While waiting for our orders to be served I carefully looked over the room and the people, and I could readily see that many of the tables were occupied by family groups,—father, mother, sons, and daughters. The gentlemen were fine specimens of physical manhood: intelligent and refined in looks and appearance. Many were taking wine with their meal, and all looked and appeared as though they were at peace with the world and felt that they were receiving their share of its bounties.

The ladies were healthy and fine looking, with refined, clean-cut, intelligent features; and with their bright, sparkling eyes, clear complexions, and vivacious manners were very attractive. As I looked over the room I thought I had never beheld a finer-looking, more intelligent, and more prosperous-appearing people. There was

not a worried, sad, or careworn countenance present.

At one of the tables I recognized the gentleman from whom we had ordered our horses, and near us, with a lady and two children, the groom who had shown us through the stable, while close to the fountain were the lady and gentleman who had driven out behind the pair of blacks in the afternoon.

"What do you think of it all?" Creon inquired, noticing that I was much interested in the people and surroundings.

"Think of it? What can I think to see the whole people,—mechanics, laborers, stablemen, and their families,—dining like millionaires, and much happier and more care-free, and, I may also add, more refined in manners and more intelligent in looks? It is wonderful,—almost unbelievable."

"It may seem so to you, having been trained and educated as you have," he replied, "but it cannot seem as impossible as your inexplicable system does to me. How human beings with reasoning powers, and with minds to think, can continue from generation to generation without making any progress, without throwing off the yoke of ignorance, and continue to worship more and more a yellow metal,—of no greater intrinsic worth in itself than the metal check or paper card that you now have in your pocket,—is past my comprehension.

"Why do they not realize the cause of all their misery; wake up to the reason why so many are broken in health, miserable, and unhappy; why families are disrupted, and children turn against their parents, and parents against their children; why your prisons and jails are crowded to overflowing, and insanity is continually increasing?

"But let us not speak on the subject further at present, lest we spoil our appetites for a good dinner. I will order the wine, as I am more familiar with the brands than you are, and I believe I know of one that will please you. As soon as we have dined, we must get into our riding clothes. The equestrian dance will be a proper place to initiate them, and although we will not participate, I desire that we arrive early, in order that you may see it all."

After finishing our meal we donned our riding clothes and started for the polo grounds, which were just outside the village. Arriving at the entrance, we found an attendant in charge, and upon presenting our cards, we were admitted, checks for our seats being handed to us. An usher directed us to our seats, and I was pleased to find that we were well down in front with a good opportunity of seeing all there was to be seen.

The place was enclosed on one end and two sides by a structure built on a half circle and similar to the grandstands in our ball parks, the

other end being enclosed by open sheds except an opening for the entrance of horses and vehicles. A raised platform, so constructed as not to obstruct the view of the field, was at the center of the circular end of the grandstand; and very soon after we were seated the members of the band came in and took their places upon this platform. The field was considerably larger than the regulation size of a polo ground, and the grandstand—of permanent and substantial construction—had a seating capacity for several thousand people.

After looking around and noting the size of the field and the seating capacity, Creon made the remark that, "they must be planning to make quite a manufacturing town out of this village." This struck me as singular and I ventured to enquire what these grounds had to do with the size of the town.

"You remember," he replied, "that I told you this was simply a frontier village, and so it is at present, but its future size, population, public buildings, schools, and manufacturing plants, its parks, streets, places of amusement and municipal improvements,—in other words, the town just as it will be when completed,—are now all planned, and these grounds are laid out not for the present but for the future. When we settle a new country, we do not do as your people have done,—first donate a large portion of the land to railroads, and then let every one

else scramble for the rest: the water powers, town-sites, forests, and lands, good bad and indifferent, some of which are afterwards utilized, some not.

"The first thing we do in settling a new country is to send out engineers and experts to make a careful survey and report on its condition and resources: the extent and character of the timber, its soil and agricultural probabilities, its topography, the extent of its water powers, the sand, clay and cement deposits, if any. In fact, we first ascertain what we have and then figure out what we can do with it for the best interests of mankind.

"Then after this is all determined, we construct an electric power line from the nearest power plant, build an electric railroad into the country, and make a few good highways,—such as you have seen to-day,—lay out future towns, construct power plants, and prepare to settle the country.

"This, as you have seen, is a well-timbered country, consequently, they have figured out what mills and manufacturing plants will be necessary to take the raw product and convert it into lumber, furniture, and other timber products. All that cannot be so utilized will be converted into paper pulp, and none of it will be wasted. As the timber is taken off, the land will be put in condition for cultivation, more highways laid out, farmhouses and buildings

constructed, fences built, dwellings in the towns erected for the workers in the mills, fruit and ornamental trees planted, and the country fully developed and beautified as needed, and not before. The mills will be so constructed that after the timber that is tributary becomes exhausted, the machinery can be readily removed to some other like plants, and these mills then used for other kinds of manufacturing. Thus, they will not become useless and a loss to the community, as is the case in a great many instances in your country.

"From the survey and report it is determined what lands shall be cleared of timber and what shall not. We learned long ago that it was necessary to protect the watersheds and conserve the rainfall, and plan accordingly. We have also learned that electricity is the one all-powerful force. With it we operate our trains, mills, and factories; heat our buildings; do our cooking, and, of course, light our streets, highways and buildings, in the country as well as in the cities and villages. Consequently we pay much attention to our water powers, and the whole people are given the full benefits to be derived from them.

"How different it is in your world! There, nothing is free to the people, except the air they breathe, and by the time I next visit there I expect to find that some syndicate has gotten control of that, and is dealing it out to the peo-

ple for a consideration in yellow gold, having educated and trained them into thinking that it is proper and right. To me it would be as sane and feasible as some of the things that are being done there now. Your water powers are only partially utilized, and those only for the benefit of what you call capital.

"Your people seem to think that it takes capital to develop your water powers, and hence they can only be developed by those who possess it. There is where you all make your mistake. It is brain and muscle, thought and labor, that develop everything, and those are furnished by the people alone, and they should reap the full benefits. But under your system, capital is continually receiving the benefits and handing them over to the so-called owners of capital, who live and thrive thereon, while the people receive nothing therefrom. But let us drop the subject and give our attention to what is going on before us."

While I had been listening to my companion I had at the same time been interestedly observant of all that was going on in the field before us. Ladies and gentlemen were arriving on horseback and gathering in groups, or slowly riding about the enclosure; and within a short time two hundred or more had assembled.

The ladies all wore riding habits of the same style and color,—a close fitting, cutaway scarlet jacket and a black silk hat giving them a jaunty

appearance; while the gentlemen, with their white breeches, black riding boots, and moss-green frock coats formed a pleasing contrast. Each lady and gentleman carried a crop decorated with a ribbon that matched the rider's coat.

The tails of the horses were tied with ribbons, and ribbons were braided into their manes,—those on the horses ridden by the ladies being white and scarlet, and those of the gentlemen white and green.

"The riding clothes that you see," observed Creon, "are only worn upon occasions of this kind, just as evening dress is worn by your people at balls and formal functions. And in order that the color effect may not be broken, no one is expected to participate unless so dressed."

As my companion was speaking, my attention became fixed upon a party composed of ladies and gentlemen that had just entered, who were riding down the field. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention,—a young lady whose features seemed familiar. An acquaintance,—a friend? But that was impossible. With the exception of Creon, there could not be any one upon that planet that I had ever seen before that day. For a moment I was puzzled, then I realized who it was, and forgetting everything but her presence, involuntarily exclaimed:

"It is Hallie!"

My companion's attention having been elsewhere attracted, he had not noticed the group, and upon hearing my outcry he turned to me with a look of astonishment and wonder.

"I mean your daughter Halena," I hastily explained, in some confusion. "Why didn't you inform me that she was to be here this evening?"

"Hallie here! I can hardly believe such good news possible," cried Creon. "Where is she? Yes, sure enough,—there she is," he continued, starting toward the enclosure, and beckoning me to follow.

Ever since I first beheld that portrait upon the wall of our living compartment in the car, I had been looking forward to the time when I should meet the original; but just at that moment I felt like a bashful schoolboy unexpectedly called upon to make his first public declamation. Why such a feeling should possess me I could not understand and for the moment I almost decided to remain in my seat until her father should return. But the strange sensation soon passed, and I obeyed his summons with a new feeling that,—as I passed down the aisle,—I was being looked upon by every one present as a curious specimen of humanity from another world.

She was not so much surprised at meeting her father as he had been at seeing her. She had been expecting him for some time and had

come to the village several days before for the purpose of meeting and surprising him upon his return to his home planet.

During our journey Creon had often spoken of his daughter, and had informed me that she was a teacher in one of the schools in the Capital City, and I wondered how she could be so far away from her duties; as I then understood that all were obliged to perform their daily tasks. But I soon learned that, being entitled to a vacation, she had embraced the opportunity of visiting some friends that were residing in the village, so that at the same time she might be able to give her father an unexpected welcome when he passed that way on his journey home after leaving the car in the pocket of the nearby mountains.

When I was introduced by Creon as a friend and traveling companion, the young girl's dark, bewitching eyes flashed upon me a look of inquiry, but in a moment it had passed, and with extended hand I was accorded a hearty welcome. I knew that in that momentary glance she had decided that I was a stranger from another world, and in her handclasp I seemed to feel a touch of sympathy and concern, which immediately banished the temporary feeling of self-consciousness and loneliness that had come over me upon realizing that I was a creature from another planet.

The portrait upon the wall of the living com-

partment of our car had left a pleasant and lasting impression upon my mind; an impression entirely different from any that I had ever before experienced. It had caused me to dream day-dreams until the pictured image had become a real personage, and toward the end of our journey almost a companion. And yet, at times I had wondered if the subject of the portrait would come up to my expectations; whether my fancy had not constructed a phantom form, which, when I beheld the original, would vanish like a mirage of the desert. But when I saw her that evening sitting her mount with all the grace and poise of a sculptured equestrian figure, I knew that the portrait had not deceived me, and that my dreamy fancy had not created a vanishing phantom.

But our interview was soon interrupted by a gentleman upon the platform, who was announcing the names of the lady and gentleman who had been selected as leaders for the evening and requesting that all take their places for the grand march. Immediately all proceeded to form in couples behind the leaders, and Creon and I returned to our seats. The band commenced to play at first a slow march, which soon became more lively. The horses thereupon changed from a walk into a trot and shortly into a canter; and after circling twice around the outskirts of the field, they came down the center. Then, upon reaching the

lower end, each crossed over and back on the outside, and back and forth, following the leaders up and down, whirling about in and out and back again, crossing and re-crossing, sometimes in single file and then in couples, fours, eights, and twelves; at length swinging around in perfect line, with the leading lady in the center of the field and the leading gentleman on the outside, to form into circles, squares, and again in couples, fours and eights, without a miss or break.

With the mingling colors of the riders, the perfect motion of the horses, the brilliant lights, the stirring music, and the laughter, the scene presented will never become obliterated from my mind, although I have since participated in equestrian dances in which more than a thousand horses and riders were in action.

It would be impossible for me to explain all the different figures and formations of this march, which continued for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which the horses appeared to enjoy it fully as well as did their riders. After each dance the riders walked their horses leisurely about the field in couples and groups, the gentlemen engaging partners for future dances. The dances were similar to quadrilles, the participants usually forming in sets of fours, and, while being danced, the horses were sometimes in a walk and at other times in a trot or canter; their gait being controlled by the riders by the

use of the crop. At times a few couples would not join in a dance, and I noticed that their horses were restless while the band was playing, and apparently eager to be taking part with the others.

They were a happy, merry people, free from care and trouble. There were youths and maidens exchanging sly glances of admiration, coquettish smiles and looks which might lead to a new home to be constructed and fitted up in this newly settled district,—a home in which to raise their children, love, live, grow old and die, without thought of the morrow, and without payment of rent, taxes, interest, or assessments: a home not only to be used and occupied by them while life lasts, but by their children's children's children who might follow after them. Cupid that evening was perched upon the grandstand, and mayhap the heart of more than one youth and maiden was pierced by his well-directed dart, which he knows so well how to cast.

Finally a gentleman, who had been selected as the leader for the evening, announced that all would form for the last quadrille and requested the band to play the usual music for that dance. As he uncovered his head in making the announcement I recognized him as one of the workmen I had observed laboring in the park that afternoon. Up to that time it had not occurred to me that the greater number

of these people I had been so interested in watching were mechanics and laborers; unconsciously, from their looks and manners, I had thought of them as members of that wealthy and gay society of which I had seen so much in my world,—persons with nothing to do but follow the pleasures of the day and amuse themselves and one another.

The last dance was particularly interesting and beautiful. As in the first, all the riders took part. In forming, the leaders took a position in the center of the field and the other riders formed in four converging lines. When the music commenced the riders, maintaining their formation and with perfect alignment, rode several times around the field on a trot, in a figure that resembled a large wheel in motion, then, breaking into a canter and following the leaders, they rode down the field to the circular end, the ladies and gentlemen in separate lines, when they crossed over and swerved to the right and left back on the outside to the other end, where, swinging into line across the field the ladies and gentlemen, in alternate positions, rode down to the band platform at a full gallop. The music, which before had been lively, now broke into a rollicking chorus, in which the riders joined, with their crops waving in harmony with the time of the music as they swept down the field. During the remainder of the dance the voices of the riders mingled with the music

of the band, the spectators also joining most heartily in the last chorus.

As we went out with the crowd, I noticed that many of the ladies and gentlemen wore riding clothes, and that all were well dressed and well mannered. Upon our way to the hotel I commented upon the exceptionally fine quality of the music which the band had rendered, and inquired how they were paid; then noticing the look of amusement that Creon gave me, I changed the expression to:

"How are they provided for?"

"We have," Creon replied, "musicians—vocal and instrumental,—who make it their profession, and also leaders of bands and teachers of music. Most of the orchestras, such as furnished us music at our dinner this evening, are not required to perform other labor. But bands such as furnished the music to-night and play of an evening in the parks are made up of amateurs, who play for the practice and enjoyment they derive from so doing. All of our children receive a musical training and can play some instrument with a greater or less degree of skill. There are some who, not particularly caring for music, or becoming more interested in something else, give it up as they advance in life, but you will find that the people here are very fond of music, and, as they have plenty of time to devote to it they gave it much attention."

By this time we had arrived at the hotel, and soon after, Hallie,—I cannot speak of her by any other name,—and her friends made us a visit, but the hour being late they remained only for a short time.

Before they left it was arranged that she should join us in the town at the head of the lake and from there continue with us to the end of our journey.

"What a day!" I thought, as I lay reviewing all I had heard and seen since I had left the car in the pocket of the mountain that morning, —"and what a people, and what a system! Never did any man of my world pass a day like it before. It has been left to me, of all the millions, to see and mingle with a people who have been lifted out of the darkness of barbarism into the light of civilization and enlightenment and taught to live a life of reason,—a life simple and natural."

It then seemed to me that upon returning to my world it would only be necessary for me to unfold what I had observed in the one day I had spent within the influence of this new world's environment, and the darkness would be cleared away and the people freed from war, wealth, and poverty.

As I lay thinking of it all, and of the happiness and enjoyments of life that would follow down the years and centuries to come, the thought that I might be the instrument by

means of which all this could be accomplished gave me the feeling that I must return and proclaim what I had found. While these thoughts were passing through my mind my eyelids became heavy and closed. Visions of scarlet coats, flashing eyes, the wave of a crop, a glance, and a smile, with merry laughter mingled with strains of music soft and low, floated before me, and I knew no more. I was in another world,—in the land of dreams: I was asleep.

CHAPTER VII

THE SYSTEM

Just as I had finished dressing the next morning, a knock at the door announced that Creon was ready for our morning ride, and upon opening it I found him dressed for our journey. The grip in his hand called to my mind that I must make some arrangements regarding the few personal effects that I possessed, and I inquired what I should do with them.

"Put them into your grip and we will have them checked to our destination," he said, "and when we arrive there we will find them at our hotel ready for us. The man here who looks after such matters will see that they are put on the train. Upon their arrival they will be taken to the hotel, and when we are assigned to our rooms, upon presenting our baggage-checks they will be sent up to us. And you do not even have to tip the bell boy or trouble yourself about the matter in the least. Come, let us be going, the morning is fine, and the horses will be ready for us by the time we reach the stable. I am informed there is an inn a few miles down the road, and what do you say to our breakfasting there?"

At the stable we found that our horses,—a splendid pair of bays,—were being saddled, and we were soon mounted and on our way. Upon reaching the top of a small elevation on the outskirts of the village, I halted, and wheeling my horse about, sat looking at the village that nestled among the trees. The substantial buildings and comfortable homes with their lawns, shrubbery, and flowers; the park and fountain with its crystal drops flashing in the morning sunlight; the well-kept streets; the beautiful trees saved from the forest to lend their shade and beauty for the enjoyment of man; the sparkling, dancing river, being harnessed and made to serve mankind; the well-cultivated fields, and the farm buildings beyond, with the sunshine of a glorious morning over all formed a picture of peace, comfort, and plenty never to be forgotten.

"That a frontier village,—a settlement in advance of real civilization!" I said to myself half aloud. "What a contrast to the frontier village,—the outposts of what we call civilization,—in my world, as I have seen them in the past. Here beauty, culture, and refinement are everywhere present, while in my world there would be found the main street used as the dumping ground for discarded bottles, ashes, and other rubbish,—dusty when dry, and miry when wet,—lined with straggling buildings of various sizes and shapes, devoid of paint, and

decorated with glaring signs, announcing the names of the saloon, dance hall or gambling den by which they are occupied. A place devoid of beauty, where there are no trees nor flowers, shrubbery nor lawns, parks nor fountains; where men, or at least human beings, are seen reeling along the street and spending their time in fighting, drinking, gambling and carousing; where there is no place for healthful recreation or innocent amusements; no true enjoyments; where everything that appeals to the brutality of man is to be found in abundance, and nothing to satisfy his human longings and appeal to his better nature; where crime, lewdness, and lawlessness run rampant, and virtue, honor and decency are in disrepute,—such are the advance guards of our system of settling a new country. But they have passed away, and many of the natural beauties of a grand country, its animal life and resources are wasted and gone forever."

In my world I could see the great West,—that magnificent empire, stretching from the Father of Waters to the shores of the Pacific,—with its forests, rivers, streams, and lakes; its mountains, hills, and rolling prairies, over which, but a few short years ago, roamed vast herds of buffalo, antelope, and deer, which have been wantonly killed and destroyed for the mere pleasure of killing in barbaric sport.

Then, turning to Creon with a feeling of sad-

ness and sorrow that I could not conceal, I exclaimed:

"What an opportunity my people, my country, have thrown away. Would that reason and common sense had prevailed there, as here, in disposing of our lands and in the settlement of our country! The people controlled the lands, the forests and all the resources of a vast territory,—enough for all, and more than would be needed for many years to come. Yet they let them all go from them, because they knew no better; because they had been improperly educated and trained; because of the idea of personal ownership, the individual desire to have and to hold, to grasp and retain, through which the majority have lost all. When they had the chance,—when it was all under their control,—why did they not see the opportunity for the betterment of mankind? Why could they not have seen that then was the time for the change from the old to the new? But it is now too late. The lands have passed from the people into the hands of individual ownership. The forests are being destroyed. The coal deposits and water powers are controlled by capital. The shores of the lakes, rivers, and streams have been denuded of timber. The hillsides are bare, brown, and eroded. Our so-called civilization has done its worst."

"True, a great opportunity has been cast aside and lost," observed Creon, "but it is not

too late, and reason will in time prevail. Properly educate your youths, instill into the minds of the people the true principles of the brotherhood of man; take from them the things that appeal to the brutal instincts, and replace them with those that appeal to the human; guide and urge them in the right direction; surround them with the proper environment, and the final result will be certain. Do not use force or violence, but instruct, guide, and direct and in time all will be well. It takes time to train a horse or a dog properly, but much longer properly to train a man; even when it is for his own good.

"A small start has been made, a beginning in the right direction, by the retaining of your national parks and by the laying out of your forest reserves. Even though they are laid out in a haphazard manner, it shows, at least, that the people have caught the idea in a small way, and are attempting to do something. At least those lands are not in the hands of individual ownership, and are safe for the time being. Come, let us be riding, or we will be late for our breakfast."

And continuing our journey, in a little over an hour we arrived at the inn of which Creon had spoken before starting. It was situated in a well-cultivated clearing of a couple of hundred or more acres, and around it were located stables, barns, and other outbuildings, giving the place the appearance of a well-cultivated

and prosperous farm. The land had evidently been cleared and the buildings constructed some time before, and the house had been a stopping place for travelers before the village we had left was established. The buildings, although of lumber, were well built and substantial, and everything about the place was neat and inviting. As we drew rein at the door, a young man came from the stable to take our horses, and upon being informed that we were only to stop for breakfast, loosened the saddle girths and fastened the horses to some nearby hitching posts. A lady met us at the door, and upon Creon's inquiring if we could have breakfast, directed us to the waiting- or living-room, stating that if we would be kind enough to wait for a short time the meal would be served.

Although but a room in a wayside inn for the accommodation of the chance traveler, it had the appearance of a family living room, and it being the first that I had entered in that new world, I was interested and observing. The room was of good size, with high ceilings, well and comfortably furnished with easy chairs and lounges, rugs upon the floor, pictures upon the walls, books upon the shelves, a reading table, a piano, and the walls tastefully decorated and in harmony with the surroundings. Withal it was a pleasant, homelike, habitable room.

I learned that the place was established for the accommodation of the experts and engineers

at the time they made the survey and gathered their data upon the resources of that section of the country, and that it had since been used as a stopping-place for travelers, but was not then as much frequented as formerly, on account of the hotel in the village being so near. Creon informed me that inns of this kind were maintained along all of the principal highways, for the accommodation of the public.

While we were talking, the proprietor, as I must call him, a gentleman of about forty years in appearance, came in with the young man who had looked after our horses, and both of them greeted us with that good-natured freedom that I had observed in the manner of all the people toward one another.

Breakfast was soon announced, and as we entered the dining-room, the lady who had met us at the door and a young girl of about sixteen entered from another room. There was only one dining-table in the room, at which the six of us were soon seated; and it was plainly to be seen that we were breakfasting with the family as if we were friendly guests instead of transient travelers. The ride and morning air had furnished me with a good appetite, and as I glanced over the table, I saw that there would be no need of my leaving it with my appetite unsatisfied. The equestrian dance of the evening before,—at which they had all been present,—being referred to, I made mention of the

fact that it had been very interesting to me, being the first one I had ever attended.

"The first one you ever attended?" exclaimed the young man. "Why, I did not suppose there could be any one who had never attended an equestrian dance!"

Then, noticing my embarrassment, he politely apologized, and the conversation was quickly turned to another subject. Soon recovering my composure and desiring to take part in the conversation, I remarked to our host that they were very pleasantly situated, with beautiful surroundings, and inquired how long he had made the place his residence.

"I helped to cut the first trail up the river from the head of the lake," he replied. "That was before the experts and surveyors came in, and then I helped to clear the land and construct these buildings and have resided here ever since. You know, I am a great lover of nature and very much enjoy hunting, and here I have had ample opportunity to gratify those hobbies of mine,—studying nature and making investigations,—which I could not have done, except on the outskirts of civilization."

"But how do you hunt and kill game without firearms?" I asked in surprise, having understood from Creon that hunting was not one of the sports of these people. And I immediately saw that I had made another mistake,—the second one within fifteen minutes,—and

then and there I resolved that the meal would be finished in silence, so far as I was concerned, and that I would get away as soon as possible. Thinking, however, that Creon might be able to help me out of my dilemma I turned to him, but he only gave me a look of amusement, and addressing our host, said:

"You say you are a great lover of nature and fond of hunting. If I am not mistaken, you are Mr. Tweto, the writer and naturalist. I should have known you, but it had escaped my mind that you lived in this district. I am called Creon by my friends."

"What? Creon, the writer, scientist and traveler? Yes, my name is Tweto, and it gives me great pleasure to meet you. I have recently read your book 'The Planet of Gold,' and it is almost unbelievable that a people so far advanced as to have a literature, who are able to read and write, and who are capable of thinking and reasoning, can be so cruel and inhuman in their treatment of one another. I have understood that you often start on your trips from somewhere up in yonder mountains. I venture to say that you are either about to start or have just returned from one of your flights. If returning, tell us if you did not find any change for the better. My heart bleeds for those people: they are so miserable when they might be so happy. I think you have well designated it 'The Planet of Gold,' as that metal seems to

be the main source of all their woes. From your description many, it seems, would be glad to extricate themselves from their burdens, but seem to be unable to do so on account of the influence that yellow metal has over them. Perhaps you brought back with you something new that will be interesting."

"Yes," replied Creon, "I have just returned from a visit to those people of whom you speak, and right glad I am to get back and bring with me my friend here, and secretary."

"How long were you there?" inquired the young man. "For some time, I presume. You must be glad to return. I, too, have read that book, and it must be a horrible place to remain in for any length of time."

"From all I have seen during the short time I have been here," I replied, "I know I will have the sympathy of you all when I inform you that I was born and have lived my whole life upon that 'Planet of Gold,' as you call it, and would be there now were it not for my friend Creon, who out of the kindness of his heart provided for me the means of visiting this wonderful planet of yours, or rather this wonderful people, as I have not observed any physical difference between the two worlds."

After making this confession I realized a sense of relief, knowing that I was now, at least, an object of sympathy and commiseration as well as one of interest, while before I

was not sure of my standing in their opinion, after the blunders I had made. These, I could well see, had been almost unexplainable, but were now cleared away.

"You one of those people from that other world?" exclaimed our host in astonishment, rising from his seat and grasping my hand. "Can it be possible? I must confess that your remark about firearms and the killing of game struck me as peculiar, and I could not understand your meaning, but now it is made clear. With us hunting does not mean killing as it does in your world. I will be pleased to show you some of my trophies of the hunt after we have finished our meal, if you will remind me of my promise, in the event I overlook it in my excitement."

"I am so glad you told us," remarked the young lady, "as I was very anxious to learn where you had lived, since you had never seen one of our dances until last evening. I was half tempted to ask you, but did not want to appear rude."

"Can it be possible," inquired our hostess, "that in your world husbands and wives with families separate and their children are taken from one parent and given to the other, even from their mother; and that by going through some form, which you call a divorce, they are allowed to again marry another person? It is a terrible thing to separate a family and take

children away from their parents. And yet, I understand, it is done under the guise of justice, and that you have men clothed with the power to do that."

"One thing that shocks me," broke in the young lady, "is that your young girls frequently marry men because they are possessed of that which you call wealth, so that they may live in idleness, wear fine clothes, and have servants to wait upon them."

"I must admit," I replied, "that such things do happen. But if you could only realize the necessity of having wealth and position, you would not, I am sure, think too harshly of them. The possession of wealth, you must know, means a life of plenty and luxury, if not of happiness; while without it one may be confronted by hardships and want."

"I do not care what it means," she asserted, "I think it is dreadful. A young lady here would not marry a man like that; money, wealth, or anything else would never be thought of, and besides, I am thankful that it is not necessary. Marriage here is a sacred thing, and continues forever."

"I realize that here there is no necessity for marriages for money, or position," I said. "In fact, there could not very well be. And yet, I do not understand why there are no divorces. Even under your social system a married couple might not be congenial, and, if compelled to

continue in the marital relation would both be unhappy; whereas, under other circumstances or with some one else, they would both lead happy lives."

"Don't you know," replied Creon, "that in the first place many of your unhappy marriages are brought about through debts, financial disappointments, continual drudgery and worries? Then with others there is discontent in not being able to have as much as their friends and neighbors, which causes the wife or husband, and perhaps both, to become sour, fretful, and peevish. Another cause, and a very grave one, is neglect of the wife and family on account of intoxication on the part of the husband. And then you have those marriages that have been spoken of, where money and position are the controlling elements. If you will investigate your divorce courts, as I have, you will find that practically all the divorces in your country are brought about through one or more of the causes I have mentioned. Under our social system none of these things can exist; hence they are all eliminated as a factor which might bring about a condition in the life of a married couple where a divorce would be thought of and welcomed. Again, with us the husband and wife are never worn out, tired, and discouraged. They have plenty of leisure which they enjoy with each other and with their friends. And besides, they do not believe in or know anything

about divorces. They have never been educated to understand that if either desired a separation, there are lawyers ready to provide the means, and judges clothed with power to grant what they desire."

"I can now very readily comprehend," I said, "not only the reason why your people do not have divorces but also why my people have so many. Being a bachelor myself, I have never given the subject much thought, although I have realized that it was one of our great social evils, and the cause of much misery."

During the meal the conversation drifted to our money system, and producing from his pocket a ten-dollar gold piece and a five-dollar bill,—one of our treasury notes,—Creon explained how they were used in paying for labor and for procuring the necessities of life, the acquiring of lands, goods and chattels, food and clothing; how they were the foundation of our whole industrial and social systems, and that with them one could procure anything desired, and without them would suffer for the necessities of life and even die of cold and hunger, notwithstanding there was food in plenty.

He told them of the idleness and waste; of the luxuries enjoyed by those who had them in plenty, and of the wretchedness and suffering endured by those who were unable to procure them. He dwelt upon the insensate desire of many to procure and retain them from others

and of the toil without ceasing of the many, in order to procure sufficient to maintain life itself.

When he had finished tears stood in the eyes of the ladies, and the young man was thoughtful and silent.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Mr. Tweto. "I cannot understand it at all. It seems so unnecessary and—inhuman."

"I can now very readily appreciate your feelings," I replied, "but I will have to confess that until I became acquainted with your wonderful system I did not see anything very radically wrong with ours. I felt that something should be done to relieve the very poor, and that those who depended upon their daily labor for an existence did not receive all that they were entitled to,—that there should be something done in their behalf; but I had never thought of anything approaching the conditions I have found here. It would have seemed impossible."

After finishing our meal, we were preparing to leave, when our host insisted that we have our horses put in the stable and remain for the day.

"Why must you go? I cannot permit it," he exclaimed. "To have you and Creon just remain for breakfast,—it is unreasonable, and cannot be thought of."

"I quite agree with you," Creon replied. "I

cannot forego the pleasure of remaining, and will therefore accept your invitation."

"Good! We will make a day of it," he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a boy,—and we did.

After finishing breakfast, our host invited Creon and myself to accompany him to what he called his workroom,—a large, comfortable, well-lighted room in the rear of the house. The walls on two sides were lined with books; and books, writing material, papers, and manuscripts were scattered over a large work-table near one of the windows.

"This," he said, as we entered "is where I spend much of my spare time. My son helps me look after the farm and the guests of the house, which occupies more of our time than it would if we labored in the fields with the men who only work five hours during the busy season. We have over two hundred acres under cultivation and in pasture, which my son and I superintend. This, you know, is much larger than the ordinary farm, and as soon as the surrounding country is settled, it will either be cut up into small farms, or be devoted exclusively to stock raising.

"The men who work on the farm are all young, unmarried men, who will take farms themselves when they marry. As this district is new, and really just being formed, we have not yet settled down to the regular system of

a completely developed country. On the farm we only raise enough fruit and vegetables for our own use, and our surplus horses and cattle we deliver to the stable in the village. During the summer season the men prefer to work from six in the morning until eleven, and then they have the remainder of the day to themselves."

"How do they spend their leisure time?" I inquired, as from observation in my world I had found that farmers and their help usually work from daylight until dark, and their leisure hours are few.

"They have no difficulty about that, I assure you," he replied. "They read, study, play tennis and other games, hunt, fish or ride up to the village and amuse themselves with whatever may be going on up there. One of the young men here is the champion tennis player in this part of the country. They frequently go to town and play, and often people from there come here. We have some very fine courts, which you probably have not yet observed. Tennis with us is a favorite game, especially among the younger people."

"You speak of hunting and fishing. I have learned that hunting is different with your people from what it is with us, but how about the fishing?" I inquired.

"I can probably answer that question better than Mr. Tweto," said Creon. "We fish with rod and reel as you do, and for the sport

of it, as well as for the fish for food; but they are never taken in any other manner. Seining, netting, and that sort of thing are unknown, and, if attempted, would not be tolerated. The lakes, rivers and streams are not polluted by sewer deposits and other refuse, but are kept well stocked with fish. If you are a lover of that kind of sport, I will see that you have some that is good. Fish is a favorite food with us, and as they prey and practically live upon each other, we feel that by catching the larger ones we protect the smaller ones from being devoured."

"That," I observed, "reminds me of your promise to show us some of your trophies of the hunt. I cannot imagine what they are, but I am sure they will be interesting."

"Before showing my trophies I must tell you that instead of going forth with an instrument of death in our hands, to kill and destroy animals and birds, we go with a camera, and photograph them in all their natural beauty. I do not mean that old-time hunters, like myself, photograph every animal and bird we come across,—only the most beautiful specimens, having regard to their position and surroundings. Then we enlarge and color the pictures and make them as true to life as possible. Did you notice the picture of an elk in the dining-room at the hotel when you were there? That is some of my work, and I spent much time in

following that beauty before I caught him in just the position to suit me, and after that I spent much more time in enlarging and coloring.

"Now, in this portfolio I keep my bird specimens, which are enlarged to natural size and colored as true to nature as I am capable of making them. I want to call your attention to this robin feeding her young, and to the graceful pose of the mother bird, as she is about to drop the worm into the mouth of the youngster who appears to have the longest neck, as well as the largest mouth, of the lot. Then this grouse just springing into the air as he takes to flight, with wings half spread and head erect, —the very perfection of graceful motion. It takes time and patience to get pictures like these, but it is well worth the time and trouble. In these later years I hunt for days at a time, and perhaps see hundreds of birds and animals, without getting a specimen; but what a satisfaction when I get one just as I want it! And how much better it is than to lay it low, to take its life, and destroy it forever. With your people it is the desire to extinguish life; with us to perpetuate. These birds and that elk that you saw in the dining-room of the hotel are probably living to-day in all their natural beauty, and their pictures will continue to exist, we know not for how long, to please the eye of mankind and add to the enjoyment of life."

"No one can doubt but your way is the better," I said. "To destroy life, for the mere sake of killing, and to derive pleasure from so doing must be barbaric, and is wrong and inhuman. But tell me,—what do you do with all your specimens? Are they yours, or do they, like everything else here, as I understand, belong to no one but to all?"

"My work of this kind is all done during my leisure hours; the hours that are mine to do with as I like, and consequently I can do with my specimens as I please. Some of them I give my friends, and a great many I turn over to the people, and they are placed in homes and public places. You and friend Creon are now to select any one for yourselves that you like best, and it will always give me great satisfaction and pleasure to know that you have them."

And as I write, the grouse just springing into flight, as it hangs on the wall of my room, reminds me of my flight to that happy land, and of the days I there spent among its contented and happy people. There it hangs in all its natural beauty, graceful and artistic, not bedraggled and bloody, stark, cold, dead,—its life blotted out in sport by man calling himself a superior human being. It is not death but life, represented in all its activity and natural beauty. An object lesson to those who derive pleasure from killing,—from blotting out the life of the innocent, the harmless, and the beau-

tiful. Something to admire, study and think about. To me it represents the civilization and enlightenment of a human race.

After selecting our specimens, which were to be forwarded to Creon's home, our conversation drifted to the subject of government; the administration of justice between man and man, and the social obligations that rest upon every man toward all other men.

"Do you not have any government, any laws, or any governing body?" I inquired. "I do not understand how you can govern (or, perhaps, it would be better to say control) the people, without any laws. Surely you must have laws of some form. No people except savages can get along without them. Laws denote civilization and enlightenment, and my people, I am pleased to say, have at least advanced thus far."

"Yes," replied Creon, "we have laws, or at least a law, but not, I believe, in the sense you speak of. In your world, and especially in your country, you certainly have laws in plenty. In fact, so many that no one, not even your lawyers or those you call judges, who administer them, know fully what the law is. Their offices are lined with books containing the law, volume upon volume, and those, I am informed, only contain a very small portion of the laws that have been enacted by your law-making bodies, and declared by your courts. You have so

many kinds of law, and so much of it, that a great deal is overlooked and forgotten. You make laws and then repeal them; and that which may be considered a good law at one time may soon after not be the law at all. Upon investigating your system of jurisprudence I find you have constitutional laws, congressional laws, legislative laws, municipal laws and case law. And then, if none of those will fit the case in hand, or rather in court, you go back a few centuries and dig up the law as it was then in some other country. This you call the common law, and mete out justice under that, whether it applies to the case and present conditions or not. I have attended your courts and it seemed to me that injustice is dealt out about as often as justice.

"As it appears to me, one lawyer will get up and state the law which applies to his side of the case and produce book after book to prove it. Then, after he has finished, the lawyer representing the other side will prove by even more books to the contrary. And after they have talked themselves out, the judge will probably declare that both are wrong, and decide the case upon what he thinks the law is. By the time the whole matter is finally disposed of and settled, the litigants are exhausted in mind, body, and purse. Yes, you have laws, and you have men clothed with power to enforce them, but do your laws insure to man liberty, equality,

and justice? Do they prevent man's inhumanity to man?''

''I must admit,'' I replied, ''that we do not always get the best results, and our laws and manner of enforcing them do not in every instance deal out the same justice to the poor as to the rich. I have often thought that we have too many laws, and that our system could be improved; but it seems as if every time we try an innovation we make it worse.''

''The only law we have,'' said Mr. Tweto, ''is the law of the brotherhood of man, which means that all men are free and equal and must deal justly by one another. That all are entitled to receive their share of the products of the earth and the enjoyments of life,—the same as all others,—and no more. And so receiving, must perform their share in return according to their ability.

''That is our unwritten law, known, recognized, and lived up to by all. What more is needed? Beyond that you cannot go. It insures peace, comfort, contentment, and happiness. The full enjoyment of life is guaranteed to every one, and all that is required is that each individual shall do his or her part, and who is not willing to do that? Under our law, if you may call it such, there is nothing to induce crime, and all social evils are done away with.''

''In my world,'' I said, ''we have the idea that we can cure all social evils, prevent crime,

and regulate, govern and do justice to all through the enactment of laws. When a law does not prove effectual, we repeal that and take up another, and so we go on trying out this idea and then that, but do not seem to get any nearer the goal for which we are striving."

"And by pursuing that course you never will," exclaimed Creon. "You cannot regulate and control human nature by the enactment of laws. And I should think your people by this time would so realize and abandon that old, worn-out idea which has proven such a failure through long years of trial and disappointments. Something may be accomplished, of course. A man may attempt to bail out the ocean, and after working for a long time will find that he has succeeded in accumulating what looks to him to be a large amount of water in his reservoir; but when he turns to the ocean to see how far he has succeeded in his enterprise, he finds that other waters have flowed in and that it still remains the same body of water, the same old ocean, and that all of his efforts have been in vain. And so it is with your people. They strive and struggle; they enact laws and repeal them, and while these laws are in force they punish men for their violation by fines and imprisonment, thereby causing suffering and disgrace to the wives and children of the so-called offenders; and, like the man who attempts to bail out the ocean, they

really accomplish nothing. A man violates a law, is arrested, and thrown into prison. The family, though innocent, are deprived of the earnings of the husband and father and in many (if not in most) instances, are thus made to suffer hardships, and perhaps reduced to want; while the government, as you call it, supports the offender, in many instances in idleness.

"That is what your people call justice and think they are progressive human beings. Instead of teaching, training, and educating, your people punish, use force and violence. Instead of surrounding man with an environment that is good and which appeals to his better nature, you surround him with that which is bad and tends to deaden and destroy even the little within him that is good. Instead of making a man better, your methods make him worse. By punishment and by the use of force, you may conquer a man, but you can never thereby make of him a better man, nor can you teach him either to honor or respect the laws under which he is punished and his family caused to suffer humiliation and disgrace.

"Did you ever stop to think of the unreasonableness and the injustice of it all; of your inhuman treatment of those you call criminals; and of the inconsistency and impracticability of your whole plan of meting out justice? Probably not, as your whole people have become so

imbued with the idea of government by law, and of punishment for its violation, that they cannot comprehend any other method; and with few exceptions, are unable even to see the resulting wrongs and injustices.

"Did you ever attend a police court in one of your larger cities, when it was in full operation, and watch the flotsam of humanity being disposed of under your laws? If you have, tell me, did you find there any mercy being shown to the miserable and unfortunate, or anything being done that would tend to make those poor outcast wretches any better? Laws, like governments are a relic of barbarism, and are only necessary to control fierce and savage men,—not to apply to men who have been properly educated and trained, and who are surrounded by proper environment; who are human beings in the full sense of the term; who are civilized and enlightened."

"I will admit that all you have stated is true," I said. "From the little I have already seen of your system during the short time I have been here, I realize that the government of my country and its laws do not bring the greatest good to the greatest number; that my people have much to learn, and, like the savage tribes of the wilderness, the majority are satisfied with their surroundings and conditions because they know no better."

"You may not know," remarked Mr. Tweto,

"that men from this world have visited yours during many years in the past, and I have taken much interest in reading and studying the books they have written about your people; their forms of government; their laws and manners of life, and especially in regard to their religious beliefs. I find that you all believe in a future life, and in an all-overruling Power. Your religion is grand, and its teachings beautiful, inspiring, and sublime. It teaches duty, mercy, and brotherly love. It warns against the accumulation of riches and the desire for gold. It proclaims peace on your earth and good will toward all men. It denounces greed, hate, and envy. It bids you be humble, peaceful, and loving,—to love all mankind, and to be as brothers unto one another,—to do kindness and to maintain justice. It guides and directs you in the life that is. It forbids war, conflict, and strife, and demands that you forgive your enemies.

"By following its precepts your people could do away with all your miseries and troubles. You could have peace, contentment, and happiness. And while you pretend to believe in it all, you fail and seemingly refuse to be guided by its teachings. Its words of life fall as upon dead ears; and over that religion and its teachings you even quarrel among yourselves. While you pretend that you believe in its teachings, you refuse to profit by them. But if you do

believe in all it proclaims and in its promises, your acts show that you are unworthy and ungrateful; while if you do not so believe, you go far enough to prove that you are hypocrites and dissemblers.

"By believing in, and conforming to, its teachings, there would be no wars, no misery, no want, and no social evils to contend with. By complying with its precepts there would be no need of governments or of laws, and justice between man and man would at all times prevail, and you would be a happy, carefree, and prosperous people. There is very little difference between our religious beliefs and those of your people. But with us, we fully believe in the teachings of our faith and live in accordance with what we believe; while your people either do not believe what they profess, or, believing, care not for its teachings."

"I must confess," I said, "that the majority of my people do not give the thought to our religious belief that they should; and I fear that there are many who avow a faith in its teachings, but fail to practice that which they profess. But there are a few who do believe and who live lives in harmony with its teachings, and for those, governments and laws are unnecessary. They, and they alone, are beyond the restraining influences of government and laws. They, and none others, of my people have reached a true state of civilization and enlight-

enment. My people have recognized government and have been controlled by laws so long that, without their restraining influences, all kinds of trouble might follow. The doing away with government and laws and the ownership of property have for years been agitated by some in my world. But the idea has been looked upon as impracticable and as the dream of dreamers. I believe, in fact, that the plan has been tried out in a small way in communities and invariably resulted in failure. While I have not so far observed any difference between the people here and those in my world, there really must be; and I must ascertain what that difference is."

"In one sense," observed Creon, "there is a difference, and in another there is not. The people here are human beings just as your people are, with the same instincts, the same passions, and the same desires. But with them education, training and environment have made the change you see. They have been educated to lead upright, wholesome lives. The temptations that bring about greed and selfishness do not exist. Your people can bring about the same results in the same manner, and by no other."

"I believe I comprehend your idea," I replied. "It is all a matter of training, habit, and surroundings. A man is exactly as are those with whom he associates; as other men are so

will he be, and as they do will he do also. Eliminate greed and 'do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' and nothing more will be needed."

"You have it," he exclaimed, "and when your people see, follow, and adopt that idea they will be as you see us here."

"Permit me," I said, "to inquire regarding your organization and plan of keeping up your system, as it cannot run itself. There must be some supervision; some head to keep it in operation, otherwise there would be absolute chaos."

The system as explained by our host is very simple, and I have since found it very effective.

"In the first place," he began, "the country is divided into districts and sub-districts. When a man reaches the age of sixty years, he is no longer a part of the main working body but becomes one of the supervisors of the sub-district in which he resides. The sub-districts are small and have a public building in which the supervisors meet and have their headquarters, and each supervisor is provided with a secretary, so that his duties may be made as light as possible. The whole body is divided into committees, which have certain matters to look after.

"One committee looks after the schools; another, the allotment of workmen; another is charged with the duty of providing with homes

newly married couples, that desire to commence housekeeping, and of seeing that their homes are properly furnished, while another looks after the amusements and makes provision for such diversions as the people need. Each committee has different matters in charge. These committees report to the whole body at regular meetings, and full records are kept of all proceedings. Their duties do not occupy much of their time, although as a rule the sub-district supervisors are much interested in their work, and having worked and lived their lives under the same kind of supervision, are familiar with the needs of the people; therefore they take up their duties fully equipped for the work. When a man arrives at the age of sixty-five years he becomes one of the District Managers and continues to occupy that position until he reaches the age of seventy; then for five years he is a member of the Grand Council, which is the supreme head of the system. The District Managers as a body meet four times a year, while the Grand Council meet only twice,—both doing most of their work through committees which, like the Sub-District Supervisors, are furnished with secretaries.

"The work of the District Managers is confined to a general supervision of the internal affairs within their district, and embraces what you would term public improvements, such as the improvements of the cities and towns, the

laying out of highways, and matters of that kind. The Grand Council has charge of matters relating to the whole country. It provides for the forming of new districts, the opening up of new territory, the improvement of waterways, and construction of railroads.

"Men like our friend Creon, who make such journeys as you are aware of, report directly to the Grand Council. You see, when a man becomes one of the District Managers he has had five years' experience as a Supervisor, and then when he enters the Grand Council he has had five years' more as a District Manager."

"You see," observed Creon, "that men who have charge of our affairs are all men of experience and are familiar with the matters they are handling. In forming the committees, men are placed on those committees that have charge of the things they are familiar with, and their services are of value to the community. How different from your method of dealing with public affairs. Your people elect to what you call "office," men who have not had any experience concerning the business they are expected to look after. Your people are so particular regarding their laws, yet, for the enactment of these laws, they elect men who, in many instances, are unfamiliar with even the ordinary affairs of life and are possessed of no ability as lawmakers. I am afraid we may be laying it on a little hard, but you are here for the purpose of be-

coming familiar with our system, and one of the best ways to learn is by contrast."

"How would you like to look over the farm with me?" inquired Mr. Tweto. "There is some work in progress that I must look after for a time, and I would like you to go with me. The day is fine and it does not seem right not to enjoy it. You will remain until to-morrow, of course. I have an engagement that will take me to the lake to-morrow and nothing could please me more than to journey along with you."

"I am the secretary to the man who reports to the Grand Council," I replied, "and it is for him to say what we shall do."

"We will remain, by all means" said Creon. "I believe you have had the idea that your position as secretary is to be what your people call a sinecure, but you will find that you have some duties to perform. You will yet learn that every one here performs his share, and that there are no real idlers under the age of seventy-five years, which is not old with us. On account of our sane method of living, and with no worries, troubles, cares and disappointments, we do not grow old as your people do, but retain our faculties and live much longer. How old do you think Mr. Tweto is,—basing your judgment on guessing the age of your people?"

"I should say that he is a man between forty and forty-five," was my answer.

"How is that?" exclaimed our host. "Why, I will celebrate my next birthday by becoming one of the supervisors of this sub-district, and I have never thought I looked young for my age."

I did not feel like disclosing my age, and did not.

CHAPTER VIII

WE CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY

In looking over the place and inspecting the buildings, I found the farm well laid out, well equipped, and in a high state of cultivation. Twelve or fifteen men were engaged in caring for the crops and performing the usual farm work, and I noticed with them the same activity and energy that I had observed the day before among the men working upon the power plant.

The work-horses, like the driving- and saddle-horses I had seen, were of the best, and showed good breeding, care, and attention. To describe it all,—with its barns, stables, silos, and other outbuildings,—would be to describe a well-regulated, well-kept, up-to-date, prosperous farm in my world. The machinery and equipment were identical with ours, with the exception that all the buildings were lighted by electricity, and that electricity furnished the power for operating the feed-mill and pumping the water. Upon expressing my surprise at this, I was informed that the buildings were heated by electricity and the cooking done by the same power, this being furnished from the power line

which at present conveyed electricity to the village.

The noonday meal was served soon after twelve, and upon entering the dining-room, I observed that the table had been laid for all, including several young ladies and the workmen who had come in from the fields at eleven. These latter had taken their baths, changed their clothes, and for the rest of the day were men of leisure,—at liberty to amuse themselves as they pleased. The young ladies, I learned, assisted Mrs. Tweto in her household duties, and by her were instructed in the mysteries of housekeeping. They were all a jolly, happy lot, —young and healthy, and without a care or worry to mar their enjoyments of life. In looks, manner, dress, and appearance the men reminded me of clean young college men, planning their amusements for a half holiday.

The equestrian dance of the evening before, which nearly all had attended, the music, and the merits of the horses were discussed with much interest. From the conversation of these young people it was plain to be seen that they were well educated, and were interested in the serious and business affairs of life as well as in their sports and pleasures. I soon learned that during the afternoon a ball team from the village was coming to play against a team made up from among the farm workmen, and that

there would probably be quite a gathering of people to witness the game.

Two of the young men at table, while at the village the afternoon before, had examined the plans made for the future development of the district and village, and were very enthusiastic over their future.

"Why," exclaimed one, "we are going to have one of the finest districts in the country, and our little village will be a city before we know it! They are soon to commence the construction of a new public building. When completed, there will not be many much better, and they tell me the one there now will be turned into a public library. There are to be sawmills, pulp- and paper-mills, box- and furniture-factories, and another plant for the manufacture of almost everything that is made of wood, which will be one of the largest and best equipped of its kind in the country.

"It appears that there is enough timber tributary to operate these mills and factories for a great many years, and there will be power enough from the power plant to operate them. The opera house will be larger than the one in the town at the head of the lake. The architect informed me that they were making plans for another hotel, and that there will be constructed within the next two years homes enough to accommodate over ten thousand people. I am going to put in my application for

a farm right away. One of the young architects is a good friend of mine, and will make the plans for the house just as soon as we are ready."

"We are ready?" echoed one of the young men. "Who is it that makes up the we?"

"That is right," exclaimed Mr. Tweto. "As soon as you are ready, you can have one of my specimens for your library, and the young lady, whoever she may be, can have one for her dining-room."

I had noticed that one of the young ladies,—a beautiful brunette,—during this conversation was very much interested in the contents of her plate, but when Mr. Tweto mentioned the presenting of a specimen to the young lady for her dining-room, she suddenly looked toward him and seemed about to speak. However, she blushingly resumed her former attitude, while the other young ladies exchanged knowing glances.

"I shall certainly appreciate them, and I thank you in behalf of the young lady, as well as myself," politely replied the young man. "They will always remind me of the pleasant days I have spent with you here, and of the delightful meals I have enjoyed," he added, turning to Mrs. Tweto.

At my request it was not announced that I was from another world, and remembering the trouble I had experienced at the morning meal

before that fact was made known, I took very little part in the general conversation, contenting myself with listening and observing.

As soon as the meal was finished the young men busied themselves in arranging for the afternoon game, and our host, Creon, and I strolled over to the river, a short distance away, and seated ourselves in the shade of a tree upon the bank to enjoy nature in all her loveliness.

For a short time we sat in silence, under the spell of our surroundings. It was an ideal place for thought and contemplation,—with the river beneath us, flowing onward to the lake below; its pure waters here placid, smooth, and tranquil, there hurrying, leaping, and sparkling, as it rushed over its more rough and rocky bed. Beyond the river stood the natural forest in all its grandeur and beauty,—the trees, shrubbery and flowers flashing forth their beauty in the sunlight of a perfect day,—habited by animals and birds, free and happy, living, mating, and rearing, each its kind, according to nature's laws.

From below the murmur of waters, pouring over some natural falls in its onward course, came faintly to my ear, and,—mingling with the rustling of the leaves, the twitter and song of the birds, and the chatter of squirrels,—seemed to be hymning contentment and peace.

But with me was a disturbed and busy mind. I was comparing the lives of the farm work-

men, with whom I had just dined, with the lives of farm laborers as I had seen them in my world. A life of toil, lonesome, monotonous, and hard; without recreation or amusement; with long hours of labor; with little hope of anything better, and with the chance of ever possessing a home growing more and more remote as the years roll by.

Is it any wonder, I thought, that they are sad and discouraged, and grow old before their time? Can one marvel that their minds grow sour and their bodies bent, and that many of them, hoping to escape the monotony of it all, flee to the cities in the vain hope that there they may at least have the opportunity of mingling with their fellow-men,—only to find, in many instances, their lot in life to be even harder than before, or perhaps to be drawn down and engulfed in the many whirlpools of vice and crime? Here the men that I see,—these laborers of the fields,—live happy, enjoyable lives; are healthy in body and mind, educated, intelligent, and refined; a home, and a good one, is provided for each of them whenever he may want it, and a farm to go with it. And with it all is the knowledge that whatever these laborers produce will be shared equally by all; that they are not working to pay interest, taxes and assessments; are not working to support millions who either live in idleness or employ

their time in doing that which is not only useless but imposes a burden upon mankind.

In my mind, joy and sadness mingled. There was joy in the thought that it was mine to see and associate with these people; know them; for a time be a part of them, and thereby be able to benefit my fellow-men. But there was sadness in the thought of the millions in my world who, although striving for the right, are unable to raise themselves above their surroundings and are doomed to wretchedness and disappointment; of the solitary toilers in the fields, silently, sadly, and alone bearing their burdens, knowing not whence they come; of the workers in the mills and factories, barely existing upon the wage received for the work performed; of those who, through wars, are made widows and orphans; those whose bodies are torn and limbs severed, made physical wrecks, thereafter to live a life of suffering and pain; of the homeless, miserable and hungry,—all sacrificed that a nation may be extended and the ambitions of its rulers satisfied.

After these thoughts had occupied my mind for the moment, carrying me back to that world of mine,—that world so beautiful and so responsive to the touch of man, in itself ideal, teeming with richness and plenty, and able, ready, and willing to produce all things necessary for man's needs and pleasures,—it occurred to me that, nevertheless, it would not

produce sufficient under the short hours here in operation, and I commenced to doubt if the plan or system in operation here would work satisfactorily in my world. So, turning to my companions, I inquired:

"Am I to understand that some of your people work six hours, some five, and others only two or three? I should think that would cause confusion,—even discontent,—among some."

"We have found after long trial," replied Mr. Tweto, "that this is the most feasible arrangement,—gives the best satisfaction, and provides for the comforts and enjoyment of every one. You see, workmen who perform the hardest of manual labor, such as you saw being performed yesterday, workmen in foundries and those engaged in that class of hard labor, work on the two- and three-hour basis. The five-hour class includes farmers, teachers, clerks, and stenographers, and all who perform work of that kind. In the six-hour class are those who oversee the work of others,—who plan and supervise,—professional men, such as physicians, architects and civil engineers, and all who are engaged in light employment; many of whom, when the occasion requires, voluntarily work even longer than the six hours.

"Then, if any one desires to take a vacation, visit friends, go on a journey, or for any reason wants some days for himself, he can, by working over time, get credit, and lay off for the

number of days credited. In this way the people are not bound down to perform just so many hours of labor each day,—year in and year out,—which might become monotonous and be looked upon as drudgery."

"But I should think," I said, "that the short hours you mention would not be sufficient to enable the people to live and enjoy such pleasures of life as I see them enjoying. I am sure it would not in my world, although everything appears to be the same here as there."

"It is," remarked Creon, "simply a matter of consumption and production,—nothing more. All any country has to do is to produce as much as its people consume, and keep a sufficient supply on hand for unforeseen contingencies. And when it goes beyond that, it is producing that for which it has no use. With your people, on account of your complicated and unreasonable system,—with your laws, government, money, and private ownership of property, you have a large percentage of people that does not produce anything, either directly or indirectly, and that has to be supported by others; and the most of these non-producers live better than those that do produce, and it costs more for their support, than for the support of the producers. Just look at those under your system who are non-producers,—and not only of no benefit to the community but are a drag upon it.

"First there are your navies and your standing armies, and all those who labor in constructing your forts and battleships and in making munitions,—laboring to construct that which is not only useless and expensive but harmful: things made to destroy life and property and for no other purpose. Then you have those that are connected with your useless money system, such as bankers, trust companies, and money loaners, and all their vast army of assistants and clerks. Then, under your ownership of property plan, you have real estate dealers, brokers, and traders, and all those thousands connected with that part of your system.

"Next, you may set down in your useless column saloon-keepers, tabacconists, and all who are connected with those 'industries,' as you call them. Then come your judges and lawyers, their clerks and stenographers, court employees, and all those connected with your law system; many of them hard working, conscientious people, but who, since they produce nothing, are a burden,—useless and unnecessary.

"And then I will next mention your politicians and office holders; those who make your laws and try to govern and control the people, the majority of whom go into office without experience and by giving more attention to keeping themselves in office than in performing their

duties, go out not much better qualified for the position than when they went in.

"Then consider the traveling salesmen, and the merchants you call middlemen, and the thousand and one others who have occupations that produce nothing for the needs, comfort or even pleasures of any one under your insane and complicated system; not mentioning the thousands who do not work at all,—mere idlers, either by reason of their wealth or on account of downright laziness. And again there is another class, and an expensive one; your criminals: most of them made so by your social conditions and manner of handling them. Think of the enormous loss of time and energy (the expense, you might say) they incur, and which has to be borne by your people.

"Now, suppose,—instead of having all these millions that I have mentioned living upon the people and doing nothing, in a material way, toward their support, but who are instead supported by those who do produce,—that every one were engaged in an occupation that directly returned something for either the needs or enjoyments of all. Do you not see what an economic saving there would be?

"With us we have done away with all these things, and established ourselves upon a true, sensible, and solid economic basis, where the efforts of every one count for something. With your people everything is based upon money

and ownership of property, and you therefrom have built up a cumbersome, complicated, and burdensome system,—a system of errors. With you, for everything a man does he expects a return in money. If he does a day's work, its value is measured by so many dollars and cents. If he is a farmer and raises a bushel of wheat, its value in money is, in most instances, fixed by some combination, regardless of supply and demand,—of consumption and production. And so it is with other products of the soil,—the bounties of the earth, meant to supply the needs of man. In many instances, I am informed, the producer receives less for his products than do those who handle and deliver them to the consumer.

"Your people, I find, complain a great deal about the high cost of living and your politicians blame it upon one political party or the other, depending upon the party to which he belongs. But to me it does not appear that any political party can be blamed, as it is all brought about by the things I have mentioned. And with the complications of your system growing more complex, its toll will increase; it will ever become more burdensome, and the cost of living, instead of becoming less, will continue to advance, until the burdens of the poor and unfortunate will be more than they can bear.

"Your people have pretty nearly reached the

limit, and if wars do not crush them all you will certainly extricate yourselves in time. Justice and common sense will surely prevail. With something like seventy per cent. of your people either idlers or engaged in employments that produce nothing,—useless and a burden,—what can you expect? Yes, the system we have in operation would work in your world as it does here. If your useless occupations were done away with, and each performed his share, our hours of labor would be ample to furnish all your people with every comfort and pleasure necessary for the enjoyment of life.

"Your system fosters the desire in men to take an advantage of others; to get and control all they can, whether necessary for their needs and pleasures or not. It creates a desire to possess and to take away from others that which rightfully belongs to them. This you must admit is wrong, and any system that brings about such results cannot be right in principle, and therefore should be discarded."

"I am satisfied," I said. "You have convinced me that the system you have here could be adopted in my world, and in course of time, as the people become educated and trained, be as successful and bring about the good results that exist here. I did not before realize that there were with us so many useless occupations, —so many people employed in doing the things that are unnecessary. As I understand, every

one is not required to be employed in producing just the things that are essential to the actual needs of the people. From your point of view amusements are necessary to make life worth living."

"With us," he replied, "we consider a musician, an actor, an actress, an artist, writer, sculptor, or any one who adds to the enjoyment of life as essential as one who produces the necessities."

"Do you hear those cheers and applause?" exclaimed Mr. Tweto. "The ball game must be getting interesting. I should be there and meet my friends. I understand the game is thought much of by your people and that there are some players who make it their business, but we have never gone that far. Our young men have so much time they can devote to the game that they are able to give us some pretty good ball. Suppose we go over and see what they are doing. I believe the village is sending down their best team and hope to clean my boys up."

Upon reaching the ball ground we found some two hundred or more people watching the game, and they were as enthusiastic a lot of fans as one would ever wish to see.

"This game," observed Creon, as we approached, "is played exactly as it is played in your country. In fact, the first time I visited your world I became so interested in the game that when I came back I introduced it, and it

has since become very popular. We do not object to adopting anything that you have that will be of benefit to us, and I hope your people, when you return to your country and proclaim what you have seen, will use the same good judgment."

"I hope so," I replied. But in my mind there arose the thought that the influence of yellow gold was so strong that I could not but entertain a feeling of misgiving and doubt.

The next day we made our journey to the lake in a leisurely manner. At noon we stopped for lunch at a roadside inn, where we remained for some time enjoying the cool shade of the trees on the well-kept lawn in front of the house, and the afternoon was half gone before we resumed our journey. The landlord,—a hearty, good-natured fellow,—and Mr. Tweto were apparently great friends, and after we had finished our lunch he insisted that, if we did not need to rest, our horses did. I could readily see that he took great pride in the place, and well he might, as everything about it was in perfect order, cozy, and comfortable.

Nearly every one we met knew Mr. Tweto, but whether acquaintances or not, he and Creon exchanged salutations with every one, young and old. This I learned was the usual custom among those people. I remarked upon this to Creon in the presence of Mr. Tweto, who immediately exclaimed:

"You do not mean to tell me that in your country, when traveling along the road as we are doing now, you would not notice or speak to people you meet, just because you do not know them? I do not understand it. Do you think a man is any better because you happen to know him; or do you think men and women need a recommendation before you can recognize them?"

"The reason you do not understand," remarked Creon, "is because you do not comprehend what is thought necessary, in the opinion of those people, for a man to possess in order for him to command recognition. With them a man's standing is judged, to a large extent, by his wealth, or by the social position of his family."

"I should think," observed Mr. Tweto, with a laugh, "that a certificate from your banker showing the amount of your wealth would be a convenient document to carry. Then, upon meeting a stranger, it would only be necessary to show your certificate and by it prove that you are a man worthy of recognition."

"It does almost amount to that in some instances," I replied. "But in my world it will not do to make friends with every one you meet. If you did, you would be taken in very often, even by those who look and appear to be people of culture and refinement."

To me our surroundings were new, and as we

traveled along my questions were many. Thus the afternoon quickly passed.

Just as the sun was disappearing, as it seemed, into the bosom of the lake, we reached the top of a hill overlooking the town, or almost city,—our destination for the day.

There below us it lay in all the beauty of a summer evening, with its buildings and homes, here and there just visible through the green foliage of grand old trees; beyond, the broad and expansive lake, across the mirror-like surface of which the setting sun reflected back a pathway of purple, crimson, and gold, that rippled, waved and changed, as the many boats plying back and forth disturbed its placid surface; in the distant south the snow-white cap of a solitary mountain glittered in the dying sunlight, as the gathering darkness of the coming night slowly crept up its forest-clad sides. A picture of beauty and grandeur was before us; a picture always to be remembered, but impossible to describe; a picture in imagination to be framed with the faint murmur of distant voices and the merry laughter of children, mingling with strains of music coming up through the tree tops from below.

Silent and enchanted, we sat upon our horses while the glittering cap of the mountain gradually faded and disappeared and the pathway of purple, crimson and gold changed, vanished and was no more. Like a cloud of war gather-

ing over a land of peace, the darkness of night was now settling over land and lake.

"Darkness has conquered the light," remarked Mr. Tweto. "The only struggles for supremacy we have in this world are those between darkness and light and those of the elements, but instead of causing death and suffering, each in its turn gracefully and beautifully gives way to the other." Then, pausing for a moment, while his eyes rested upon the lake yet outlined below, he added: "This has been a delightful day, but, as I am to spend the evening with some friends, I must bid you good-night. I understand you are to remain in town tomorrow, and I shall certainly see you during the day. You will have no difficulty in finding the hotel, as this highway extends through the town to the lake, and the hotel you will find on its shore, just back from the street."

"A wonderful man, and such an agreeable companion!" I remarked to Creon, as Mr. Tweto rode down a side street. "I wonder that he should be an innkeeper and farmer."

"Being an artist of considerable talent," replied Creon, "he could, if he desired, so employ that part of his time which belongs to his country; as a writer and naturalist his services would be accepted in work along those lines; but by looking after the inn and farm he is free to do those things as recreation, and undoubtedly does better work and gets more

pleasure out of them. The management of the farm gives him an agreeable outdoor occupation among the horses, cattle and in the fields; as a landlord he meets and associates with his guests, enjoys their society, and takes pride in giving them the best of entertainment. He is widely known, and every one is his friend. What more can any man desire? You will find many like him in this world; men who are living wholesome, useful, and enjoyable lives, performing their share and receiving like share in return,—interested not only in their sports and pleasures, but in their work as well."

Our way to the hotel led us through the town, and gave me an opportunity for observation. The streets were broad, shaded, clean, well kept, and well lighted. The houses,—as I have since observed in all the cities, towns, and villages,—were located well back from the street and at the same distance, with trees, shrubbery, and flowers in front and gardens and fruit trees in the rear. There is no stint of land in that world, every one having the use of some part of the earth to do with as he pleases.

As we rode along, we met many people riding and driving, others were sauntering along the walks, with here and there a youth and maiden, oblivious to all except each other; children were playing upon the lawns; music and merry laughter floated through the open doors and windows of the brilliantly lighted houses.

We were passing down a street lined with homes, in which peace and joy reigned supreme. Of poverty and want there was none to mar the enjoyment of those who had never been touched by the cold and bony hands of these ghastly visitants.

At my request we rode slowly, that I might the more fully see and enjoy it all; and yet, the life that I was so interested in observing was being enacted upon every street, within every city, town, and village of that wonderful land.

In about the center of the town the street ran through quite an extensive park, in which many people were strolling about listening to the music of a band, which, as we rode past, was playing a waltz, and upon a nearby platform several couples were whirling and circling in time to that bewitching music.

Beyond the park, in a large square by itself, stood the public building of the town,—constructed of marble and granite,—spacious and substantial, with considerable architectural beauty. All the public buildings, Creon informed me, were constructed and under the control of the District Managers.

"There is one thing you will find in this world," said Creon, "and that is that everything we do, we do well. Our buildings and dwellings are all constructed to last, and the same is true of all our manufactured articles, whether machinery, furniture, or clothing. We

found long ago that not to do well that which was worth doing at all was poor economy.

"There are two things we do not have, and those are shoddy clothing and a continual changing in fashions of dress. Poorly made and shoddy clothing can never look well, and in the end is not economical. In style of dress we have a wide range,—all along the same general line,—and one's taste can be easily satisfied; but radical changes are never thought of. In your world I observed frequent changes in styles, which is a great waste, besides being unnecessary.

"It seems to me that your people carry it to the extent that it becomes almost a disgrace to wear clothing, a hat, or even shoes that are not of the latest mode. It is a great burden upon you all and the cause of much worry and unhappiness with those who are not able to keep up with the changes. There are many, even among your wealthy people, who would be glad to throw off the burden, but it has become so fixed that it seems impossible. If you will trace the custom to its source, you will find that it is encouraged and fostered by a few sharp tradespeople for the sole purpose of money making and for none other. We believe that a style of dress that is becoming to a person to-day will be so to-morrow, or a month, or even a year later. But enough of this, the afternoon's ride

reminds me of the hotel dining-room, and I am anxious to be there."

When we reached the hotel, the horses were turned over to an attendant and taken to the stable to which they belonged. They were noble animals and I had become much attached to the one I had ridden, and I was sorry to give him up.

Hallie had arrived at the hotel that afternoon, and we soon found her upon the veranda overlooking the lake, where many of the guests had assembled to enjoy the beauties of the evening and listen to the music of a band in an adjoining park.

As she came forward to meet us, I could not but admire the unconscious grace, the natural poise and bearing, and, withal, those laughing eyes and frank open manner. There was nothing affected or assumed, but a confident, easy manner,—a civility that was charming and engaging.

"I hope you have enjoyed your ride," she observed, as she welcomed me with extended hand. "It has been a delightful day for riding."

I found that those people were interested in not only their own sports and pleasures, but in those of others. They lived each day for itself, without any worry or care for the morrow. To-day, to-morrow, and the days to follow they expected to perform their part and receive their

share in all things, including those that make up the pleasures of life; and they were solicitous that all others should enjoy life equally with themselves.

"I hope you have formed a favorable impression of us," she said, as we took some seats by ourselves in a corner of the veranda.

"How did you know that I came from 'The Planet of Gold,' as I find your people frequently term my world?" I impolitely inquired, instead of answering her question.

"Why, Father told me, of course," she replied. "He informed me before he went away that he expected to bring some one with him from your world when he returned, and naturally I have been a little curious. Just as you, no doubt, have been regarding us," she added after a slight pause.

"Are you sure that you did not determine that fact from my looks and appearance?" I inquired with some concern.

"Why, certainly not," she answered in a manner that convinced me of her sincerity.

It had seemed to me at times that it must be apparent to every one that I was a stranger to that planet, and the feeling had given me considerable anxiety. Her answer and her convincing manner in doing so immediately put me at ease upon that perplexing question, and the feeling rarely ever troubled me thereafter.

Creon spent the greater part of the evening

with some friends, leaving me to be entertained by his daughter, and I can now recall that evening as one of the most enjoyable that I spent during my sojourn among those delightful people. Although since that time it has been my privilege to frequently enjoy her society and companionship, nevertheless her charming and fascinating manner, her vivacity and intellectuality produced an impression upon my memory that first evening we were alone together that can never be effaced.

The portrait upon the wall of our living compartment in the car had given me the desire to see her, to form her acquaintance, and the meeting had produced the hope that the acquaintance would develop into—at least friendship.

As a being from another world I could not,—I dare not,—hope for more than a friend and mentor during the time I remained upon that planet and associated as an equal with its people.

CHAPTER IX

AN EXECUTION SALE

The city at the head of the lake was the first of any size in that world I had visited, and I was much interested in seeing all there was to be seen and in acquiring as much information as possible. Therefore, the following morning Creon procured a pair of horses from the stable and we spent the forenoon in driving about the town. I had hoped that Hallie would join us, but she asked to be excused as she had an engagement to spend the day with some friends.

I was informed by Creon that this town was a manufacturing center of considerable importance, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, although it had the appearance of being much larger. All the dwellings were surrounded by extensive grounds, and there were no tenement nor apartment houses, and I later ascertained that there were none in that country. Another reason for its appearing much larger than a city of the same population in my world was its numerous and extensive parks, which occupied considerable space within the town limits.

There was no business center and no part of the town was given over to wretchedness, poverty, and squalor. Altogether it had the appearance of a high-class suburb of a large city. It was a city of homes. That portion in which the factories were located had the same neat, clean, and attractive appearance as other parts of the town, for all such works were surrounded by well shaded lawns, in which shrubbery and flowers were growing in profusion.

As I observed the broad, clean, well-kept, shaded streets of the town; its comfortable, attractive homes and beautiful lawns; the happy children, full of life and health,—while everywhere were peace, contentment, and prosperity, —I could not but compare it all with the average city in my world. A city in which there are a few streets that are wide, well-kept and beautiful, upon which dwell in palatial homes and surrounded by spacious grounds those that are possessed of wealth,—those favored few who by chance have received the smiles of Mammon and are enjoying the favors of that much-worshipped deity; a few other streets, upon which dwell in comfortable homes those that are possessed of enough wealth to enable them to live well and rear their children in comfort,—some living in ease, and others bowed down with the burden of maintaining the social position to which they are habituated.

Then there are streets where poverty and

want abide; where the wretched, miserable, and poor exist, linger, and die; where the child and mother suffer for want of food and clothing; where the struggle is not for gold but for an existence; to live a life without hope, without pleasure, without friends, without anything to make life worth living; where the child toils for bread that life may be sustained; where crime, poverty, and wretchedness are ever present; where grog-shops and pawn-shops flourish, and all else is dead and in decay. Streets that foster disease and crime, are a menace to the health and welfare of the community, and should never exist in any truly civilized country.

A city with a business district where the streets are hot and sweltering in summer, and cold and damp in winter, streets lined upon either side with piles of brick and stone, devoid of beauty, and crowded with worried, careworn humanity by day, and silent and deserted by night; a place that tries men's souls and makes them old in looks, while yet young in years; where the struggle for gold is constant by day, and where men stake their health and even life itself in their mad effort to acquire and retain it.

For gold, men there work, conspire, cheat, lie, and deceive, some for the mere pleasure of possessing it, that they may count, handle, and gloat over it; some for the luxury that it will provide, because by means of it they may have

pleasures that others cannot enjoy; some for the power that by it they may wield over their fellow-men and others (the great majority) that with it they may procure the bare necessities of life, that they may live and exist from day to day, and by so doing provide an existence for their families also.

As the dwellings in the city on the lake were not built and owned by those that occupy them, I had expected they would all be of about the same size and style of structure; but, although there were none of those palatial residences that are owned by the very rich in my world, they showed a great diversity in size, style, and architectural features, ranging from the large colonial mansion to the bungalow and cottage. Some of the grounds were more extensive than the average, but usually they were all of about the same size. While the dwellings were all neat and in good condition, yet it occurred to me that their difference in size and style might cause discord and contention, the occupants of some being able to claim that they were not so well provided for as those of others, and I expressed this thought to Creon.

"I know," he replied, "that with your people a man's standing in the community is, to some extent, governed by the size and cost of the house in which he resides, and on that account a husband and wife without children often burden themselves by maintaining a home much

larger than they need, incurring thus a useless expense; while others with a large family, not being able to own such pretentious residences, live in homes much too small for their needs and comfort.

"With us that is all done away with. To begin with, a man's standing in the community in which he resides does not depend upon the size and architectural design of the house in which he lives. Here large families live in the larger houses, and small families in the smaller ones. Frequently one of the children after marriage continues to live with his or her parents, and while there is no ownership of the home,—in your sense of ownership,—it is not infrequent that the home is occupied by the same family from generation to generation. In fact, my present home was built for my great-grandfather's father. I know of some that, I am informed, have been occupied by the same family, father and son, for eight and nine generations. I believe it is more usual for the old home to continue in the family here than it is in your world, especially the country homes.

"With us the home is more firmly established,—more stable,—than it is with your people. Here there are no laws, mortgages, taxes, or lawsuits through which the family can be dispossessed of their home; through which the aged couple, worn, worried, and sad, dazed in mind and broken in heart, are made to leave the

home of their youth, where they had reared their children and in which they had always hoped to spend their declining years together in comfort and in peace; made to leave their home because they are unable to pay to some cold, hard, grasping money-loaner a few of your pieces of gold; because that which you call interest had been their undoing; because your laws as made by man are enforced in the name of justice."

After pausing for a few moments, Creon continued:

"I shall never forget an execution sale,—or by whatever law term you call it,—that I once attended in your world, and do not have any desire to ever attend another. By this sale one of your money-loaners was enforcing the collection of a mortgage which he held on the farm and personal property of an aged couple.

"The place sold was one of those delightful New England homesteads, so often seen in that part of your country, and the sale included the stock, farm machinery, and even the old substantial furniture that evidently had been almost a part of the family for more than one generation. It was a small farm located in a beautiful country near a village, and I understood that the farm had been reclaimed from the forests and the buildings constructed by the grandfather of the old gentleman who was being sold out of his home and all he possessed.

"The buildings were located on the crest of a small hill, well back from the highway, with several large, graceful elms in front, and an orchard forming a background in the rear. The white house, substantial barns, and outbuildings, surrounded with the green of the trees, formed a picture of an ideal farm home.

"The sale took place under the trees in the front yard, and the farm and all the personal property were sold. The farm was bid in by a large, red-faced, pompous man, who, I learned, was a money-loaner in the near-by village. This man had with him papers and decrees made by the court, under which he proceeded to take everything the old couple had. The sale, as I understood, was made by some officer of the court, acting as auctioneer and as most of the articles were sold separately, it occupied the greater part of the day. The farm was sold first and after that the personal property; the furniture being brought out from the house and auctioned off, with many jests and comments made by the auctioneer, evidently for the purpose of holding the crowd and inducing bids.

"But the old couple, feeble and careworn, attracted my attention and excited my sympathy. During most of the time the sale was going on they stood by themselves, back from the crowd, each clasping one of the trembling hands of the other, sad, bewildered and forlorn.

While I stood near, an old, intelligent-looking, gentle family mare was led from the stable and put up for sale.

"'Here,' cried the auctioneer, 'is Pegasus. Who wants to buy a horse that can walk, trot and canter all at the same time? How much am I offered for the thoroughbred?' Soon the animal was sold to a rough-looking fellow, who sent her back to the stable with a kick in the side with his heavy boot.

"'O mother!' gasped the old man in a trembling voice. 'They have sold Dolly to the village drayman. Poor Dolly! Did you see him kick Dolly? I must go and see how badly he hurt her. In all the time since I raised her from a colt, she never received a blow like that. Don't you think, Mother, that if I asked them for Dolly, they would let us have her?'

"But the wife did not seem to hear, so intently was she watching the auctioneer and listening to what he was saying. Soon, turning her face up to her husband's and with eyes filled with tears, I could just hear her say, in a voice so soft and low: 'Do you see what they are doing, Father? They are selling baby's—our little Bobby's—cradle, and his little pillow and blanket and little shoes are in there. You know, I have always kept them just as they were the last time he lay there just before he was taken from us. Oh, dear! I did not think they could do that.'

"And she laid her head upon the old man's shoulder, and he gently stroked her gray hairs with his trembling hand, while the auctioneer was shouting in a voice that seemed to pierce my very soul: 'Here is a chance for some young couple to get a cradle, all made up ready for the little one and a pair of shoes to go with it. How much am I offered? Going, going, gone for fifty cents to the young man with the red face and a necktie to match.'

"The shouts of laughter that followed this sally brought the old couple erect. But instead of further watching the sale, their gaze wandered across the fields that had been theirs, but now had gone from them into the hands of the money-loaner.

"For fully five minutes they remained silent in thought, with hands still clasped, then, turning to his wife, the old man, in a voice 'which told of the anguish he was suffering,' said: 'Mother, if we had kept our Johnny, our eldest born, with us; if he had not gone to the war; if he were here, we would not now be without a home. He was a good boy and would be a comfort to us in our old age. Those fields would be his and he would care for us, but now we are penniless, old, and alone.'

" 'But, Father,' replied the old lady, 'our boy laid down his life for his country. Our sacrifice has been great, but the calls of our

country must be obeyed, and we must not now complain.'

"As with faltering steps they left the place where their household goods were being turned over to others, accompanied with jests and laughter, and wandered down through the orchard together to be alone in their grief, I thought of the desolation wrought by war; of the grief and suffering, the misery and anguish that it causes—even years after the war is over, and the graves of the fallen are almost forgotten.

"It has always given me much satisfaction to know that by disposing of a few stones from my supply I was able within a few days to restore to the old couple their farm and personal property, together with Dolly, and the cradle, pillow, blanket, and little shoes; but Johnny, the first born, who should have been their comfort and support, still sleeps in an unmarked soldier's grave, forgotten by all save by the sad and lonely couple, who are patiently waiting for the end to come, hoping, praying, and believing that then they will be united with Johnny, who was a good boy, and baby Bobby, who wore the little shoes.

"The government had taken their first born, and the law their property; and, had it not been for a man from another world, they would not have had a place to lay their heads."

CHAPTER X

AN INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

In driving about the town, I observed many teams loaded with groceries, vegetables and provisions, very similar to those that deliver groceries in my country; and concluding that they were engaged in the work of supplying the people with their daily food, I requested Creon to explain the method of food distribution.

"That," he said, "is very simple. In small villages, like the one we were in the other day, it is done through the one store, as you saw; but in the larger towns and cities the system is different. In those places there are located warehouses in which are stored the provisions that can be delivered to the consumer in bulk,—such as flour, sugar, and potatoes,—while vegetables, fruit, and perishable products are gathered from the producer and delivered daily to the consumer, and are not handled and rehandled. Thus there is a great saving in time and labor, compared with your system, and also a great saving in the product,—and its quality is much better.

"Your people do not seem to realize the com-

plicated and expensive system of handling food products that has been built up in your country. I find that it is usual for the farmer to send his product to what you call a commission man, who in turn sells it to the wholesaler and he to the retailer, and frequently it passes through the hands of a middleman or broker. Each of these add their cost of handling, rent, and other expenses of carrying on their business and a good profit for themselves. Is there any wonder that the consumer is always complaining of the high prices which he has to pay, and the producer of the low prices at which he has to sell? That system of yours imposes a heavy burden upon the poor and is one of the many reasons for your high cost of living.

"Another unreasonable method you have,—and an expensive one for the consumer,—is that of transporting your raw materials hundreds and even thousands of miles from where they are produced, and after they are converted into manufactured products, transport that, or at least a considerable portion of it, back again.

"Your people, I find, pride themselves upon their business acumen, but it seems to me that if they would stop in their mad rush for gain and do a little common-sense reasoning, they would realize that they are simply working against each other and making life as hard and complicated as possible.

"Your way of doing business, as you call it,

enables a portion of the people to live and prosper, while engaged in a worse than useless occupation, and also gives the railroads an opportunity of adding a carrying charge on your products. And this charge, of course, is borne by the producer and consumer.

"I am not blaming the merchant or those connected with the railroads. Your whole people are to blame for tolerating and maintaining a system under which each individual acts independently, selfishly, and alone.

"Our products are distributed to the consumer in as direct a manner as possible, without unnecessary labor and without profit to any one. It is not a grab-as-much-as-you-can system, but is simple and is looked after by those who have had experience and understand it."

Mr. Tweto, with his friend, Mr. Hinton, who had charge of one of the factories, joined us at lunch. With my consent, Mr. Hinton was informed that I was from another world, and he at once became much interested. As he had read Creon's book, "The Planet of Gold," he was eager to give me any information he could, and after lunch proposed that he show us over the factory he had charge of.

The factory that we inspected was a woolen mill, in which cloth for men's clothing was manufactured. It was a long, narrow, two-story building, constructed of concrete, well

lighted and well aired. In fact, the sides were almost entirely made of glass, and Mr. Hinton informed me that by a system of ventilation the air was continually changing throughout the building. The entire motive power was electricity, and consequently there was perfect freedom from smoke and cinders.

The machinery was all of the best, and I noticed that every safeguard possible was used for the protection of those that operated the machinery and worked about the factory. There were no children employed, nor any old and infirm. The operatives were, for the greater number, men, although some of the work was performed by women. But none, whether man or woman, was the dejected, emaciated, pale, and sickly-looking employee that is so often seen in the mills and factories in my world.

They all had good, fresh air to breathe, wholesome food to eat,—and plenty of it,—short hours of labor, good, comfortable homes to live in, and ample time in which to pursue their pleasures. There were never any cuts in wages nor either strikes or lay-offs.

Mr. Hinton informed me that four hours constituted a day's work and that the mill was operated eight hours a day,—the first shift going to work at eight in the morning and working until twelve, and the other shift going to work at twelve and working until four.

"You will find," said Mr. Hinton, "that the goods we manufacture are all up to standard. We work for quality and not for quantity. When a piece of cloth is completely finished, it is inspected before being packed for shipment and nothing is shipped unless it is in every way perfect. Of course we have different grades, summer goods and winter goods, but each piece must be up to grade. We fill orders from the nearest warehouses and thus do not transport goods for any considerable distance. Usually the orders are placed before the goods are made up, and then we make them according to the specifications contained in the orders."

"I observe," I said, "that you take every precaution to prevent injury to those who work in the factory, but no doubt there are accidents occasionally and people are injured."

"Yes," he replied, "where there are over five hundred workers employed around machinery in rapid motion, accidents are liable to occur. Last year one of our workmen had one of his fingers so badly injured that it had to be amputated, and three years ago another workman injured one of his feet and was unable to work for over a month. But during the twelve years I have been in charge there has not been either a death or the loss of a limb by accident in this factory. We not only have all parts of the machinery guarded wherever possible, but we never allow those who operate the machines

to make any repairs when machines get out of order. We have experts to do that, and no repairs, however trifling, are attempted to be made when the machinery is in motion. We hold life and limb too dear to take any chances. Another reason why we have so few accidents is because our workers are never tired and careworn and are therefore always attentive to their work."

"And another reason," observed Creon, who had been following our conversation, "is that with us the workers are never either exhilarated or depressed by drink and in many instances unable to use their faculties and properly care for themselves.

"I have spent considerable time in investigating the conditions under which the employees in the mills and factories in your world labor, and the number who are killed and injured every year is appalling. Among the army of workers in your country many are killed and maimed with almost as little concern as in an army engaged in actual warfare. And the number of deaths and casualties are even greater than they are in some of your minor wars.

"Many of the deaths and injuries are brought about by the carelessness of the employees. Sometimes it is the carelessness of the one killed or injured, at other times that of a fellow workman; but many more result from the neg-

lect of the employer to provide suitable protection and appliances for the employed.

"Then, the way in which the family of the workman who is killed, or of the workman who is injured and crippled for life, is left to suffer and thereafter sustain life as best it can is cruel and inhuman. If the employer,—usually what you call 'a corporation,'—is to blame for the death of the workman, a settlement for an inadequate amount is made with the widow and children, or they are left to the mercy of the courts and lawyers. In many instances they are harassed and worried for years before their case,—after going from court to court,—is finally decided, and then they discover that the greater part of the amount awarded has been eaten up by court expenses and attorney's fees.

"In some of your states, I find, laws have been enacted through which, by the employer making a comparatively small payment in the form of an assessment to the state, the injured employee,—or, in the event of death, his family,—is paid a fixed amount. But upon investigating those laws, I have concluded that, while they are supposedly enacted for the benefit of the laborer, they are really only beneficial to the employer.

"In one of your states I found, under such a law, that the greatest amount that can be paid to a workman for the loss of both legs or both arms, total loss of eyesight, or any other injury

that may totally incapacitate him from performing any work, is twenty dollars per month, if the workman is unmarried. If the workman is married and has no children under the age of sixteen years, the largest amount that can be paid is twenty-five dollars per month, but if there are children under the age of sixteen years, no matter how many, the payment may be increased to thirty-five dollars per month.

"But no matter how great the injury or how large the family, the disabled workman and his family must in some way live, meet hospital charges, and pay physicians' fees on thirty-five dollars a month. The same law provides that where death results to a workman from injury, the expenses of his burial shall be paid,—these expenses not to exceed seventy-five dollars,—and if he leaves a widow and children, the widow, while she remains such, shall receive the sum of twenty dollars per month and each child five dollars per month until it reaches the age of sixteen years.

"In one instance that came to my attention, a workman under this law was paid the sum of seventy-five dollars as full compensation for the loss of the eyesight of one eye, although on account of his injury he was unable to perform any labor for several months and the charges of his physician were considerably more than the amount he received.

"Under the law of the state of which I speak,

the state is entitled to retain out of the fund collected from the employers of labor the sum of sixty thousand dollars a year for administering the law and disbursing the funds to the injured workman, or to his family, in the event of death of a workman from his injuries.

"The workman who is injured by reason of his own negligence receives the same amount as the workman who is injured by the negligence of his employer. The question of who is responsible for the injury or death of a laborer is not looked into. The right or wrong of it is not thought of. The law is followed, and justice to the workman, or to his family, is not deemed worthy of consideration,—is of no importance. The employer has paid his assessment; the state has carried out its part by making the payments, and has received its portion as the law directs. But the crippled workman; the child and mother with no one to earn their bread, or to provide for the injured one,—it is for them to suffer; it is for them to bear the burden. Justice in the name of the law has been done; why complain? I was informed that the political party and administration that caused this law to be enacted claimed that they were entitled to much credit and consideration for their efforts in looking after the interests of injured workmen and their widows and orphans."

Near the factory was the building for baths

and for the changing of clothing, similar to the one I had seen in the village where the power plant was being constructed. And I was informed by Mr. Hinton that those were maintained at all factories, great and small, and were a part of the system. In going through the building, I found every part clean and in perfect order, and all the workmen attending strictly to the work they were engaged in doing.

As I observed the men and women at their work, performing their share in this wonderful system, with fewer hours of labor and under more favorable conditions than were ever known in my world, I thought of the workmen in factories of this kind as I had seen them in the past: of the factories dark and poorly ventilated, greasy, dirty, and foul, in which the child and mother were toiling together for the smallest wage, in order that the monthly rent might be paid and the home maintained. A home bare and uninviting,—hot and suffocating in summer and cold in winter; a home located in a foul and narrow street surrounded by dilapidated buildings, devoid of trees, grass or flowers; a home in which they who call it "home" are too weary from excessive toil to even notice its discomforts.

Then I thought of the homes of these workmen, as I had observed them in driving about the town; homes comfortable and attractive,

surrounded by green lawns, shaded by beautiful trees, and situated on wide, shady streets.

The latter, the homes of workers under a system where all work together and for one another; the former, the homes of workers under a system where each works out life's problem in his or her own way; where chance becomes an important element to success and greed and selfishness do the rest. The one a system where education and training in the right direction, coupled with proper environment, have brought men to the full realization of man's obligations to man; the other, a system where education and training in the wrong direction, coupled with improper environment, cause greed and selfishness,—cause man's inhumanity to man.

CHAPTER XI

TRUE CHRISTIANITY

The next day was to those people the same as the day we call Sunday. Upon this day no labor is performed except that of actual necessity, yet it is not a day entirely devoted to recreation and amusements. It is a day of quiet, repose and peace,—a holy day: a day in which the people seemed to act and feel thankful that they are alive to enjoy an existence and able to associate and mingle with one another; not a day in which the people appear solemn and sanctimonious, but a day when all are, rather, joyous and happy.

When Creon informed me in the morning that the day was one corresponding to our Sabbath, I was at once interested in ascertaining whether it was a day set apart for religious worship and, if it were, to what extent the people observed it. If it were a day of religious worship, whether that religion were one of mere form,—something laid down and prescribed,—or a religion flowing forth from the soul,—real substantial and responsive, good and helpful today, to-morrow, and for all time: not a Sunday

religion to be observed upon that particular day and cast aside during the balance of the week, as a cumbersome thing that interferes with the ordinary affairs of life; not a religion to take with one to church and be disregarded at all other times; not a pretended religion, but one of reality,—believed in, practiced and followed in every-day life.

"Our religious belief," said Creon, "never changes, and is a truly Christian religion. A religion that makes men better and happier and life more joyous and worth the living. It is not bound about by rules and regulations laid down by man. Our religion forms a part of our education, and by following its teachings in our every-day life we are, as you will find, a happy, prosperous people. It is the same religion as your Christ taught your people nearly two thousand years ago, and we follow it, live up to it, and are governed by it.

"By conducting our lives in accordance with its teachings, we deal justly with ourselves and with one another. When all men do that, they are true Christians, and need not worry about this life or the life hereafter. Your people have a religion that is grand and sublime, but it appears to me that they have but little regard for it.

"Did not your Saviour say that, 'all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,' and has it not always proven to be a true saying?

Yet we find in your world vast armies of men, who call themselves Christians, killing and mangling one another in a manner not known among the most savage of beasts.

"Did He not also say, 'lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,' and yet is not that the very thing all your people are engaged in doing? And if there are any who do not succeed in getting and retaining treasures on your earth, is it not because they are unable to get them away from the man who has them?

"Did He not tell you that 'where your treasure is there will your heart be also'? And does not that mean that if you are seeking gold, your life is devoted to gold,—that you are grasping and selfish and care not for the suffering of others, so long as you gain the object for which you strive?

"You call yourselves a Christian people, and yet how many are there among you who in their every-day life follow the teachings and command of that Great Teacher? Do not your lives show that, while you pretend to follow His teachings, it is a pretense and nothing more; that instead of following His precepts you live lives that are in direct conflict to them? Are you not therefore subject to greater censure than though you did not make any pretensions whatever?

"Can a man possessing more wealth than he can possibly have use for, when others are

hungry and in need of money, retain that wealth and be a Christian?

"You pretend to be Christians and followers of Him at whose birth the angels proclaimed: 'On earth peace, good will towards men!' Yet you train your youths to war, to fight, to kill, and destroy one another. You instill into their minds the idea that to be heroes and have their names emblazoned upon columns of marble and granite, or upon pages of history, they may kill and mutilate their fellow-men. Do you not think your soldiers would show greater heroism, a more Christian spirit, if they would all throw down their arms, their weapons of destruction, shake hands with their enemy, embrace him and then all go home to their mothers, to their wives and children and become peaceful, law-abiding human beings, men of peace, in a world of peace?

"Under your pretense of being Christians you even send forth with your armies men, whom you call ministers of the gospel of Christ, to preach and instruct your soldiers in His teachings, while they carry on their awful work of death and destruction.

"I say to you that so long as your people simulate Christianity, instead of practicing it and following the teachings of Him who led the way, who directed you in the right, just so long will there be strife and bloodshed,—just so long

will your people be weighed down with the burden of war.

"You all know that if you would truly follow His teachings, as we do, there could not be any wars, any envy, any hate, any greed, any poverty, any want; yet knowing all that, you seemingly prefer to have those things rather than to live lives in accordance with His directions. You would rather pretend to do than do."

"You say," I replied, "that if we 'followed His teachings as your people do,' I am afraid I do not understand your meaning. Do I not see your people drinking wine? Do they not dance, have horse races, attend theaters and other places of amusements? Are they not an amusement-loving people? From what I have seen of the people during the short time I have been here, they appear to be very fond of pleasure. I find that they devote much time to sports and amusements."

"True," he interposed, "and why not? Is there anything in the teachings of Christ that forbids man's enjoying life in a moderate, peaceful, rational manner,—in a sane, common-sense way? Is there anything bad or wrong in pitting one horse against another, so long as they are not overworked and the pastime is not carried beyond the line of true sport? Is the proper kind of a play, or a concert, or a theater, in any way harmful?

"Did not Christ, when he furnished the multitude with loaves and fishes, furnish them with wine also? I say to you that there is not in His teachings anything that forbids the free enjoyment of life. But one of His precepts is moderation.

"In leading a truly Christian life there is nothing that requires one to be solemn of face or grave of manner. But instead a man that is a true Christian, a true follower of the Great Teacher, should be happy, joyous, and full of life; a man among his fellow-men. He should enjoy life at its best."

While we were thus engaged in conversation the air was suddenly filled with the music of bells,—music that now flowed forth and lingered in the air, then gradually faded into nothing,—now loud, full and strong, vibrating upon the air in tones that carried beyond the city, out over the bosom of the lake. They were the Sabbath bells of old,—bells to memory sweet,—telling of calm and peace, of days gone but not forgotten; music that called me back to the days of my boyhood,—of the peaceful New England village home.

"Do your people have places for worship?" I inquired. "Those bells remind me of the church bells of my world. To my mind there is nothing more beautiful than the music of distant bells. The full harmony of their mellow

tones soothes the troubled mind and creates a feeling of peace and contentment."

"Yes," he replied, "we have places of worship, but not the same as with your people. When the weather is pleasant our places of worship are in the parks and groves. There we have music and lectures, or what you might call 'sermons.' When the weather is unsuitable for outside gatherings, the theaters, schoolhouses and public buildings are used. With us we do not have any difference in creeds to cause contention. We have no religious dogmas, formulated and asserted by human authority. Our religion is broad, universal, and divine. It is the essence of life, useful and helpful and not a burden. It does not interfere with the pursuit by man of any useful occupation, or with his reasonable enjoyments and pleasures. While we believe that it insures to us a life hereafter, we know that it makes life here pleasant and enjoyable. We know that by living in full accordance with its precepts it has made a whole human race civilized and enlightened."

"Do I understand," I inquired, "that your people believe in a future life?"

"Why, certainly we do," he answered. "But with that we concern ourselves very little, and give our attention to living upright, honorable lives here. We believe that by dealing justly with one another; by recognizing the rights of others; by doing that which is right; by prac-

ticing what we preach (and we do that at all times), we need have no fear of the future. We know that by so living we are the gainers for the present, and that for the future we need have no concern. But, here comes Mr. Tweto. I will call Hallie and then we will proceed to the parks. I do not want to miss the music and services; and I am sure you will be interested.''

Upon arriving at one of the nearby parks that bordered upon the lake, we found a large gathering of people already assembled. A band was playing, and the greater part of the people were seated under the trees, listening to the music, although there were some strolling about the grounds engaged in low conversation. There were many children, of all ages, present, and I observed that they were quiet and orderly; that all were well and neatly dressed, clean, and well mannered.

Just before the band commenced to play the next number after we arrived, the leader stepped to the front of the platform and raised his baton, whereupon all present arose, joining, with few exceptions, their voices with the music of the band; and I could very readily tell that they were a people fond of music, and had received musical training.

The program throughout was that of a high-class concert, with a short lecture upon the brotherhood of man, delivered by a gentleman, who, Mr. Tweto informed me, was the Superin-

tendent of the City Schools. Some of the thoughts that he expressed I shall not soon forget.

"The brotherhood of mankind," he said, "the doctrine of universal benevolence, is the perfection of human existence. We long ago reached that state of existence, and have ever since maintained it. It may be hard for barbarians to overcome their warlike tendencies and cast aside their greed and envy, but when the higher state is once attained, it is an easy matter to uphold and continue it. When this perfection of human existence is once reached by a race of people, that race would no sooner return to its former manner of living than would a highly educated, intelligent, upright man fall back to a life of ignorance and crime."

After having seen these people in all their enjoyment of life I could appreciate and comprehend the truth of all he said. I could see that it would be impossible for them to engage in war, to deliberately prepare to kill their fellow-men; that it would be impossible for them to cause others to suffer.

In other parks that we visited there was, as in the first, music and gatherings of people. The inhabitants of a whole city were enjoying a day of rest and peaceful enjoyment; each the social equal of the other; none arrogant, haughty and proud, because they chanced to possess that which others do not have.

These people being fond of sports and devoting so much of their time to their enjoyments, I had expected there would be ball games and other amusements for their entertainment, and so expressed myself to Creon.

"No," he replied; "our people have so much leisure time for amusement that upon this day they do not need to be amused by games. It is not with us as it is with your people. In your world all are so busy during the week that on your Sunday they feel that they must have their amusements, and therefore neglect the churches.

"How can you expect your laboring men, or your mechanics, who work hard during the six days of labor, to devote the seventh to attending church where they are usually not wanted, unless they donate a portion of their hard earnings to its support? They feel that they must have some amusements and if they have to spend their money, a ball game furnishes amusement, and is more congenial than a church service. Their lives are hard at best, and no one can blame them for their choice. Your business men and professional men are glad to be relieved from their cares and perplexities, and having been bound down to their offices and stores for six days, are not content unless they devote the seventh to recreation.

"It is natural for man to seek fresh air and sunshine, for without them he cannot long re-

main healthy and thrive. A man who does not enjoy the beauties of nature is abnormal and cannot enjoy life as he should.

"Many of your people are closely confined to their offices and stores, and in their workshops some eight to twelve, and even more, hours each day, and therefore lead lives that are unnatural to men, and being unnatural, in their everyday living, are liable to acquire artificial tastes and desires. Men who lead normal lives are moderate and temperate, while those who live under conditions that are not natural to the existence of mankind are liable to indulge in excesses, become intemperate, and form a desire for low and vulgar amusements.

"You must admit that to work long hours in a poorly lighted and badly ventilated factory, or workshop, is not conducive to good health, and does not tend to broaden the mind and fully develop the body.

"After seeing how many of your people are obliged to live, or, I might say, exist,—I do not think it strange that a large percentage are not fully developed mentally and physically. The mind and body of man cannot be brought to a proper state of development upon poor food, bad air, long hours of labor, and no leisure for proper amusements. Neither am I surprised that your people are continually enlarging your buildings for the care of the insane and your prisons for your criminals.

"Your people are fond of making laws, and are continually striving by means of these laws to bring about reform, but they usually go about it in a wrong way.

"After studying your conditions, I have concluded that it would be good economy if your governments, as you call them, would protect and care for those that are unable to provide for themselves wholesome food to eat and comfortable places in which to live, put them in the way of proper living, and give them a chance. Let them do away with those districts of poverty to be found in all of your cities, and see to it that no one shall be employed in places that are unfit for human beings to work in. The expense,—which is the first thing your people consider,—would more than be saved by the benefits received.

"In the first place there would be a great saving in the doing away with much sickness and disease. Then, the people as well as their children would become more efficient men and women, better developed mentally and physically, and, therefore, better citizens. The better and more efficient the citizen, the greater asset he becomes to the community. Then, without abject poverty, and all of the misery that goes with it, there would be fewer criminals and less insanity. For poverty is the great breeder of crime, and the mind breaks under the misery that follows in its wake.

"But suppose that from the standpoint of your cold dollars and cents, the saving happened not to be equal to the expense; still, you would save much anguish and suffering of human beings, and the child of poverty would have a chance. Its life would not be worse than blotted out."

Creon was silent, and for some time remained so, occupied in deep thought, his countenance clouded by a shade of sadness. Then, turning to me, he earnestly inquired:

"Can you realize what abject poverty means? To have food your one thought by day and to see it in your dreams by night; to eat the very poorest of food and curse because you cannot get more; to be numb with cold; to shiver and shake and have no way in which you can get warmth; to hunt for food, and prowl and crouch like a beast of prey; when to see a man who has the appearance of being well fed, you feel in your envy and hunger that you could tear him open if you but had the strength; to reach the state where you had nothing to eat yesterday or to-day and no reason to expect any food to-morrow or the day after; to feel that your life is slowly leaving your body for lack of food and warmth to sustain it, yet to know that there is food in plenty; that it is growing in the fields; that warehouses and stores are filled with it; that it is being brought into the city in train-loads; that by some it is

being wasted and thrown away, but for you there is none, because you have not the gold with which to procure it.

"In order to see and feel what the poverty of your world is like, I once clad myself in rags, and without a dollar in my pocket, let the poverty-stricken district of one of your large cities engulf me for more than a week. During that time I fought for an existence side by side with those miserable wretches who there exist from day to day,—they know not how. For the time I became one of them, and know what it is to be one of the poor, despised, and forgotten in your world."

Then, pausing for a moment, he continued:

"But of the woman! She who has been driven to the lowest depth by the injustice of man; she who is without hope; for whom there is no helping hand, scoffed at and derided by her own sex and scorned by men,—it is she who drinks to the dregs the cup of despair.

"The cruel and inhuman manner in which your people treat poor, fallen woman is almost beyond belief. To her you hold out no promise of forgiveness, while the man, upon whom the blame should usually fall is not even censured.

"Why should the finger of scorn always be pointed at the weak woman, when the man, equally guilty, is taken into the home and into the church, without even asking to be forgiven for the wrong done,—for ruining the life of a

fellow-being? There are in your world to-day thousands of women who, on account of the perfidy of man, are leading lives of sin and misery; women who are longing for a different life, but are longing and hoping in vain. But the man, the one who caused the woman's downfall walks with head erect, without shame, and without blame. With us, under our system of education, training, and environment,—you may call it religious training, if you desire,—that would not be tolerated, and is impossible.

"In your world, that condition, as well as your large percentage of crime and insanity, is brought about by your idea of personal gain; by your system of training and education; by the environment in which your people live; by your feeble effort to follow and live up to the rule of life as laid down by Him whom you profess to follow,—an effort in which you so utterly fail."

For some time we had been seated under the trees in one of the beautiful parks of the city, and while I had been giving my attention to all that Creon had been saying, I had at the same time been observing the people, especially the children,—of which there were many. It was evident that there was no danger of race suicide. With those people there was not the problem of not being able properly to raise the child; to give it the comforts of life. There the mother need have no worry about its future, and need

not wonder whether or not the boy, as soon as he reaches the age of manhood, when life is at its best, will be called upon to lay down his life in protecting his country from invasion, or perhaps to be maimed and crippled for life.

"I think," observed Creon, "that we had better return to the hotel for luncheon. I have no doubt there will be plenty of good music, and the afternoon may be passed very pleasantly upon the veranda overlooking the lake."

Mr. Tweto took luncheon with us and remained until evening, but as he and Creon were occupied with matters of mutual interest, Hallie and I were left to ourselves during the greater part of the time.

The large and well-appointed hotel was situated in the midst of a well-kept park upon the shore of the lake, and was furnished with every comfort and attraction that one might desire; and I could not but observe that the guests were in keeping with their surroundings. Their dress, manner, and bearing proclaimed them to be persons of culture and refinement, and it was evident that they had never been heavily burdened with the cares and perplexities of life.

As I observed them, it seemed to me that the hotel could not be of the family class, like the one we had stopped at on the day we came from the mountain after leaving our car, but one for the accommodation of those who were enjoying

their vacation, or, which seemed more probable, some special privileges.

Having all of my life been used to seeing people with money enjoying privileges that those without it could not have, and having been one of the privileged class myself, I could not readily get away from the idea that there were people of that class in this world. It was some time before my mind could fully grasp the fact that there all men were truly equal, and that all enjoyed the same rights; that none, by reason of wealth or family connection, had any advantage over others or any claim to superiority.

Creon was familar with my world, and having made a confidante of Mr. Tweto, I felt that I held his sympathy and interest. I knew that with these two friends any blunders that I might make would be understood and overlooked. But, when with Hallie, the blunders I had made at the breakfast table the morning of our arrival at the Tweto hostelry were for a time constantly before my mind, and I was continually haunted by the fear that I would in some way make myself ridiculous.

I am now convinced that, observing my embarrassment and quickly comprehending its cause, Hallie assumed the task of making me feel at ease, and, with a tact and skill so wonderfully exercised that I did not even realize its influence, she soon accomplished her

object. Under the spell of her presence I readily recovered my composure, and for the time forgot that I was from another world. Not once during the afternoon did she do or say anything that would in any way recall to my mind that anomalistic fact.

During all the time that I remained with those people I could not get away from the feeling that I belonged to an inferior race, or, rather, I should say, a race not inferior in itself but inferior in its intellectual advancement. That the people of that planet are mentally and physically superior to the people of this world of ours cannot be questioned. The fact that they have advanced to that happy state of existence where there are no wars, nor forms of government by which wars are brought about; no poverty nor an industrial condition under which poverty and want are sure to follow; no greed and envy nor social condition that is bound to foster and produce them both, are, of course, sufficient to establish their superiority.

After the evening meal Creon and Mr. Tweto left us to make a call upon some mutual friends, and Hallie and I went for a stroll in the park and along the shore of the lake. For the time my world was forgotten. I was no longer an alien in a strange land. I was absorbed in the present, with a hopeful glimpse of the future tinted with a rosy hue. I was,

however, sufficiently observant of my surroundings to notice that there were many other young couples enjoying the evening and the society of each other.

After the sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and the twilight was rapidly giving way to the dusk of the early evening, we turned our steps toward the hotel; but at the suggestion of Hallie we went to the theater instead.

I must confess that I was a little disconcerted when we arrived at the entrance to the theater. My first thought was that I should go to the box office and secure tickets, and I involuntarily thrust my hand into my pocket for the money necessary for the purpose, but instead of money my hand came in contact with the metal check and card given me by Creon. Then my situation dawned upon me, and I wondered just how I should proceed in order for us to gain admission and secure desirable seats. But Hallie at that instant, by producing her card and handing it to an attendant at the door, rescued me from my dilemma, and upon presenting mine also I was handed a couple of seat checks, whereupon an usher directed us to our seats.

I found the theater very similar to a high-class theater in any of the larger cities in my world. The costumes and stage settings were good; the play,—an allegorical production,—

was well rendered, and the music excellent. It would be useless for me to describe the performance in full, as it would only be a description of a first-rate theatrical entertainment in my own country.

From the theater we returned to the hotel and found Creon waiting for us, he having just returned, after leaving Mr. Tweto with his friends. Then, after partaking of some light refreshments that were being served, we retired to our rooms.

CHAPTER XII

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MADE

The next morning we found Mr. Tweto at the boat-landing to wish us a pleasant journey and to bid us good-by for the present. Holding my hand for a moment in parting, with a look of friendliness and concern long to be remembered, he said:

"I cannot express the pleasure I have had in being able to be with you for the past few days. You have yet many things to see and much to learn of our ways and of this world. You are modest enough to say that you are only an average man of your world and that there are many there much better than you.

"From all I had read about your people,—from all I had learned of the things they do,—I had concluded that they were all a heartless, cruel people,—selfish, greedy and inhuman. But now I am convinced that their hearts are in the right place, and that as a rule they have the desire to rise above their present conditions.

"What they must do is to change their environment and cast aside the idea that gold

furnishes the only means of happiness and the true enjoyment of life, to do away with war and bloodshed, and to work for peace and for one another. When you return to that world of yours you have much to do. But when you show your people how we live and prosper, and tell them of the happiness we enjoy under our system they will not hesitate, but will at once make the change."

During the short time I had known Mr. Tweto I had learned to appreciate his worth and had become much attached to him. I was, therefore, pleased when he informed me that he would soon have business that would require him to visit the capital city,—the city of our final destination,—in which Creon resided.

Our journey down the lake occupied the greater part of the day. Numerous stops were made at the towns and villages along the shore for the putting off and taking on of passengers and baggage. Craft of different kinds were plying back and forth, some for pleasure and others for business.

I learned that the motive power of all the boats, except the sailboats, was electricity from storage batteries; that mystic and invisible power being more generally understood and used than in my world.

In speaking of electricity, Creon informed me that their scientists had reached the conclusion that the power is universal and pos-

sibly is the great agent that controls the universe,—may even be the energy of which life itself consists.

"While we understand it better than your people do," he said, "and control and use it more extensively, we realize that we do not fully comprehend what it is, and have much to learn regarding it."

The shores of the lake were broken in places and covered with timber, but otherwise the surrounding country was well settled and in a high state of cultivation. The land in most places was cultivated to the water's edge. There were orchards and rich fields of grain and grass; pastures with their herds and flocks; neat farm buildings, partly visible through the green of their sheltering groves, all forming a picture of rural life, both pleasing and enjoyable. There were no abandoned farms; no buildings and fences going to ruin; no fields growing to briars and shrubs; no evidence of neglect and decay; no part of the earth idle when needed to supply food for man; no land controlled by individual ownership.

In viewing from the upper deck of the boat the evidence of prosperity that seemed to be passing before me as we skirted the shore of the lake, I could fully appreciate the wisdom of these people in their plan of settling a new country. Their system of first ascertaining the resources of the country and then getting the

most there was to be had from them, and, at the same time, providing homes and farms for those who needed them, seemed reasonable and the only feasible and common-sense way of colonizing.

The plan seemed so simple, and the resulting good, as I there saw it was so apparent, that I could not but wonder why the statesmen of my country had not grasped it when the opportunity was ours,—when we had the lands and the resources.

"The people living upon those farms," observed Creon, "have all the comforts and conveniences of those who live in the cities. Their homes are provided with telephone, light, heat, and sewers, and their farm-buildings with power. We believe that those who live upon the farms are entitled to the same consideration and should enjoy the same comforts and conveniences as do those who live in the cities."

"I do not understand," I said, "how that can be accomplished. I should think that it would be too expensive, as we would express it in my world,—that the cost of installing those systems throughout the country districts would be too much of a burden."

"Of course it would be," he replied, "if our country districts were as sparsely settled as they generally are in your country, and in the same irregular and haphazard manner. You will observe that these farms and highways are

regularly and systematically laid out. As much so, in fact, as are the streets and blocks in a city. The electric and telephone wires are laid in conduits at the time the highways are constructed, and the country put in proper condition for cultivation and occupation.

"I am inclined to think that our plan of bringing a new country under cultivation and properly fitting it for the occupation of man, considering what we save, is no more expensive, figuring on your basis of dollars and cents, than is yours, when your losses in waste of resources and loss of productiveness are all considered. Then think of the results that we obtain as compared with those obtained according to your method."

And when I thought of the land idle or only partly cultivated; the destruction of the forests; the water-powers with no wheels to turn; the barren hillsides, and the poorly constructed highways,—in places almost impassable,—I could not but think there was much truth in what he said.

As we were making a landing at a small town, we observed a crowd of people upon a boat of considerable size that was about to leave the wharf as we landed, and inquired of one of the officers of our boat who they were and where they were going.

"Those people," he answered, "are the workers and their families in yonder factory,

who to-day worked during the forenoon four-hour shift. They are going upon an excursion down the lake to one of the islands called 'Beauty Island,' and will spend the afternoon and evening with dancing, tennis and other games, winding up with a picnic lunch in the evening. They will have a merry time. The place is well named 'Beauty Island,' for it is a most beautiful spot and well worth seeing. The members of the band they have with them are also workers in that shift."

Just then the band struck up a lively air, and with music and laughter the workers in the mill and their families sailed away on pleasure bent. Having performed their work for the day, they were free to spend the afternoon in innocent and life giving amusements.

As I listened to the strains of music softly floating over the water and watched the boat, with its load of merry pleasure-seekers, gliding gracefully over the bosom of the lake, I could hardly realize that they were mill workers, living in comfortable homes, with no thought for the morrow; with no worries, no cares, no troubles. Although realizing that such a condition of life was the natural one, nevertheless, having all my life been accustomed to a condition so different, I could hardly bring myself to a full realization of what this wonderful system means to a whole human race.

"It appears to me," I observed, turning to

Creon, "that those who work in the forenoon have a little the best of it. The afternoon is better fitted for pleasure, since the amusements may be extended into the evening. I can see how there might be some contention among the workers regarding the hours of the day in which they work."

"It is quite likely," he replied, "that those people will to-morrow work in the afternoon, so that those who are now working will be able themselves to go on an excursion. It is usual for the workers to alternate in their hours of labor. Those who work in the forenoon one week work in the afternoon during the next. We aim to treat all alike, and place every one upon an equal basis.

"By going among our workers and farmers or those engaged in other occupations, I do not think you will find any making complaints concerning their lot in life. All receive the same education in their youth, except that when boys or girls show they are especially adapted to follow some special vocation,—for instance, medicine, teaching, or music,—or take an unusual interest in any of the arts or sciences, after they have completed the usual course, they can, if they desire, go to a college and receive special training in the particular line they appear to be especially adapted to follow. And then they make that their life work.

"The profession of medicine is looked after

with special watchfulness, and our physicians, having received the most careful training, are very efficient. We consider the health of our people of the greatest importance."

"Yes," I interposed, "I have particularly noticed that there are practically none who do not appear to be in perfect health, and I have intended to ascertain the reason, but have been so interested in all that I have seen that I have not made the inquiry. In considering the matter, I concluded that their healthy, robust condition was principally due to the fact that they had no cause for worry, that all had plenty of wholesome food, and that they were never overworked."

"Of course," he replied, "any man or woman who has plenty; whose future in life is assured without question; who has short hours of labor and ample time in which to pursue his or her pleasures and the means of doing so, must necessarily enjoy better health than one who has to work long hours, who has none of the enjoyments of life, and who has the phantom of poverty and want for a constant companion.

"But there are other reasons why they are, as you see, splendid specimens of physical manhood and womanhood. One of these reasons is that the child is born into this world under the most favorable conditions. Its parents are healthy and well nurtured in body and mind,

which is of great importance to the health and mentality of the child. Then, during childhood and youth, it is carefully taught to know itself and to refrain from any excesses and indulgences that will weaken the body or impair the mind.

"We give as much attention to the development of the body as we do to the development of the mind, and tireless care, training, and attention are given to both. What we desire and work for are able and efficient citizens,—men and women who can aid and become useful to the country, instead of requiring help and becoming a burden.

"We train women as well as men to the profession of medicine, and the business of the physician is the keeping of the people healthy as well as caring for them when they are sick. Each physician has a certain number of persons under his or her charge, and every person undergoes a careful physical examination at least once in each month. If a physician finds upon examination that a person has the least physical defect or ailment it receives immediate attention. A complete record is kept, and of course each physician is careful about keeping those under his charge in the best of health, so as to maintain as good a reputation as possible. The women physicians examine the women, and the men physicians the men.

"In addition to those who examine and look

after the health of the people, there are other physicians who are disease specialists, and others who are specialists in the diseases of different parts of the body. As soon as a person is taken ill, or found to be affected with any disease, he or she is immediately taken in charge by a specialist, and usually taken to a hospital, of which we have the very best.

"You see, there are many reasons why you find our people enjoying such splendid health. They work for their country and that country takes good care of them and gives them much in return. This country does not ask its citizens to lay down their lives for it, or to become crippled or broken in health. Instead of making widows and orphans, it prevents, as far as it is possible, the creation of widows and orphans. Is not that as it should be?"

"How do you care for the insane," I inquired. "I can readily see that under your social system insanity would not be as prevalent as it is in my world, as here the things that cause apprehension and worry and induce the mind to wander are eliminated. However, there must be some whose minds are affected, and who require care and special attention."

"Yes," he replied, "we have a few who, either through sickness, grief over the death of friends, or weakness of intellect, become insane and require attention. For those we have hospitals that are under the charge of expert

physicians and trained attendants. We also have a few of what you call criminals, and you will undoubtedly be surprised when I inform you that those we treat exactly as we do the insane. In fact, our idea is that a person who appears to be a confirmed criminal is unsound in mind,—that criminality is a form of insanity and that the man or woman so affected requires treatment,—not punishment.

"With us there are not the conditions that cause crime such as exist with your people. The different classes and strata of society; the environment, greed, wealth, and poverty all of which are conducive to crime,—we do not have. In your world there are really three distinct strata of humanity: At the top are the wealthy, —able to live without labor and indulge their extravagant desires; next, the middle class,— those who are able to live comfortably; at the bottom, the largest number of all, those who are scorched and blistered in the fierce blasts of the fiery furnaces of life. Indulgence and selfishness, the incessant pursuit of pleasure, weaken the moral sense and physical powers of those of the upper stratum; want, misery, and environment, those of the lower. It seems to be conceded by those who have made a study of criminology that social morals, as well as religious principles, are at their lowest ebb in the upper and lower strata of society in your world.

It is the middle stratum that largely provides for the other two."

"I admit we have the social strata of which you speak, and realize that they exist by reason of what now appears to me to be our peculiar and unreasonable system," I said. "On that account I am sure that your idea that the criminal instinct is a disease, and should be treated as such cannot be applied under the existing conditions in my world. While in some instances the criminal tendency may arise from a disordered mind, which may by proper medical treatment be remedied, I am sure that is not the case in all instances."

"That is very true," he replied. "Many of your criminals are made so because of your method of handling those who are charged with crime.

"Your jails and prisons, and especially your jails, are schools of crime and nurseries of criminals. Into them are hustled indiscriminately murderers, burglars, thieves, prostitutes, drunkards, and all the foul members of society your police and courts can lay hands upon, along with incorrigibles, with detained witnesses, and with persons accused of misdemeanors, of crimes not tried. There the professional criminals and hardened sinners delight to initiate their more ignorant companions into all the mysteries of iniquity, and in return are looked upon as heroes by the youths who are

just starting upon the downward road. These youths are there given a helping hand, but not a hand that guides and leads them in the right: it is a hand that beckons and leads them on to perdition.

"Poverty, drink, and environment make many of your criminals, but your method of handling them makes many more. Your jails, prisons, and courts propagate, rather than retard crime. As a rule under your system you do not discriminate between the confirmed criminal and the novice in crime. When a man has once served a term in prison, he is ever after looked upon with suspicion, and becomes an object of surveillance by the police. He is liable at any time to be arrested and detained in jail upon suspicion of being implicated in some crime that may have been committed; and, even though nothing against him can be proven, he may be ordered and compelled to leave the city in which he desires to make his home.

"Not being wanted in the community, and without friends among the people with whom he would like to associate, he is driven to seek companionship with those who, like himself, are ostracized from general society.

"Under your so-called vagabond laws a man found without money in his pocket is thrown into jail instead of being given employment. Those who are down in the nether stratum are

not given a chance to rise. Their rights are few and their wrongs are many."

There had been several of Creon's friends on the boat during the day. One of them, a member of the Grand Council, I was especially desirous of meeting, since, from my point of view, he was a man of importance and entitled to more than ordinary respect and consideration. I found him to be a robust, genial gentleman, with all the mental and physical vigor of a man of fifty; although I knew from the position he occupied that he must be past seventy. I was somewhat surprised to find that he did not assume to be entitled to any more consideration than any one else,—was not, in fact, treated with any more deference than other persons on the boat. This, of course, was entirely different from the attitude of my world, where persons who occupy positions of importance in public affairs are not only apt to demand but do receive more consideration and are treated with greater respect than are those who do not hold what we term official positions. I called Creon's attention to what seemed to me to be a want of respect for the position, if not for the man, and expressed my surprise that no especial attention was paid to him.

"No, certainly not," he replied. "Why should there be? He is only doing his part as are all the others, and the position he is occupy-

ing in looking after the affairs of the country is the same as all others will occupy when they arrive at his age. Here none are entitled to any greater consideration than any one else; no matter what occupation a man may be engaged in or what position he may occupy."

Creon spent considerable time during the day with his friends, leaving Hallie and me to ourselves,—an arrangement that was entirely satisfactory to me. The embarrassment I had at first experienced when in her presence had left me; and as soon as she saw that I was no longer sensitive and did not object to being considered a being from another world, she talked very freely and gave me much valuable information. Later, while in the Capital City, it was through her that I was given the *entrée* into the various clubs and societies that made up the social life of that place.

At first we confined our remarks to sports and amusements, such as golf, polo, and tennis, and I soon found that she could discuss those games like an expert and that her familiarity with them was that of a player, not an onlooker.

"I have played polo considerably," I remarked, while we were discussing the game, "and nothing would please me more than to have an opportunity to play the game while I am here. But, of course, that would be out of the question, as I do not have any polo ponies,

or the means of procuring them. There are none to be purchased, of course, and if there were, I have no money; so I will have to give up that idea. The only thing for me to do is to procure all the information I can concerning your people in the shortest time possible and return to my world."

Her rippling laughter for a moment was rather disconcerting, although I could not but admire the flash of pearly teeth that it revealed.

"Of course you can play polo," she asserted. "You are one of us, are you not? You must remember that while you are here you own the whole country, and everything there is in it, or, at least you have as much right to it as any one else. You will soon become used to our ways, I am sure, and when you do, you will see how much better it is than your method of ownership.

"I cannot understand how your people get along with a few owning, or controlling much more than they can possibly have any use for, while there are so many that do not have practically anything,—not even enough to eat, or clothing enough to make them comfortable.

"I understand that a great many of the homes in which your people live are owned,—as you call it,—by some one else, who has the right, which is often used, to turn out the occupants and then close up the houses and not let any one live in them unless they are paid a cer-

tain amount of what you term 'money.' That seems such a strange and wrong way of doing that I cannot comprehend it. Father has tried to explain it to me from the point of view of your people, but I am inclined to think that I must be very dense, as I cannot understand it at all.

"That something that your people call 'money' is another thing that I am unable to understand. It seems to have such a fascination for most of them. And yet, all of it that I have ever seen is either a piece of colored paper with some figures on it or some kind of metal that your people, with much hardship and labor, dig out of the ground. Are those not strange things to worship and fight over? Father always brings back some specimens and puts them in the museum among the curiosities.

"No, I now call to mind that there are some kinds of your money that are not made of paper or metal, as father brought back some of it at one time that was made of bone, and also some that was made from rather pretty shells. I presume those kinds are more valuable than the others, as father said they were not so much in general use."

At first I thought I would try and explain to her our money system and show her how necessary and useful it was, how by means of it we carried on our wars, our vast commercial enterprises, operated our governments, improved

our cities, built railroads and educated our children; that with it the people could procure food and clothing, houses and lands, leisure and pleasure, as well as servants, both human and brute, to do their bidding. But before I could formulate my ideas to my satisfaction, she had taken up the subject in a manner that convinced me that it would be a useless undertaking on my part,—and perhaps the least said by me the better.

"I remember," she continued, "that after Father came back from his first trip to your world, he gave a lecture on your people and their social and industrial systems; and when he took up your money subject and exhibited some specimens and dwelt upon the hardships that many of your people undergo to obtain it, and of the misery, want and suffering that are endured by those who do not possess it, there was hardly a dry eye in that vast audience. If it causes so much trouble I should think that your people would destroy it all. I am almost afraid to touch it. Knowing what I do about it, I cannot but look upon it as dangerous,—even to handle."

"It is not dangerous for you to handle here, at least," I replied; "although I will have to admit that the handling of it in an improper manner by people in my world has been the cause of much grief and suffering."

"Another strange thing about it is, I under-

stand, that in many instances it causes those who do have it to be wretched and unhappy; even causing children to turn against their parents and parents against their children. How do you account for it? Father never could explain it to me, so I could understand the reason of it all; but I am sure you can tell me."

"I am afraid" I replied, "that I cannot enlighten you any, as I cannot fully understand it myself. In fact, I had never given the subject any thought until during the few days I have been here. Like the majority of my fellow-creatures, I had always accepted the use we make of money as a medium of exchange as one of the best evidences that we were really civilized. I had always taken it for granted that there was no other way of conducting affairs, and had never looked upon it from your point of view; therefore the ridiculous side of the question had never appealed to me."

"But you are commencing to view the matter in a different light from what you did I am sure," she observed.

"Yes, not only are my views changing upon that subject, but upon many others," I replied; "and I am going to rely upon you to act as my principal tutor while I remain in this world."

"I am certain you will make an apt pupil," she asserted with a smile, "and therefore I shall do my very best."

"You will always find me attentive to my instructor, and eager to learn," I replied with a feeling of elation.

The sun was low in the west and we were approaching the town where we were to disembark and spend the night. The day to me had been of much interest. The stops at the different towns and villages had given me an opportunity of seeing the people, busy in their employment and enjoying their pleasures.

"I have to-day seen a wonderful country," I remarked as we stood for a moment upon the landing before proceeding to the hotel.

"Which is the more wonderful," inquired Hallie, "the country, or the people?"

"The people," I replied.

CHAPTER XIII

A RAILROAD SYSTEM

Leaving the next morning by train we traveled through a beautiful country to a city over a hundred miles distant. Although the trains of this wonderful people are operated by electricity, yet the plan of operation is very similar to that in my own world. That is, there are through trains and local ones, fast trains and slow, passenger trains and freight, as well as trains for carrying the mails and fast express.

I found that their system of handling the mails was very much like the mail system in operation in the world of my birth. And it has occurred to me that, taking our postal system as an example of what can be done by the people for the people, its perfect operation ought to convince every one in my own world of the feasibility of handling and controlling everything pertaining to public utilities and the necessities of life in the same common-sense manner.

The main lines of their railroads all have double tracks, and many of them have four.

The construction and equipment are of the best, and every precaution possible is taken to protect both employees and passengers from injury.

The railroads, like everything else in that world, are operated for the whole people and not for the special benefit of any one. There are no railroad magnates to acquire vast wealth at the expense of the many. There are no franchises granted; no special privileges; no laws against the roads nor in favor of them; no corporations to be bought nor corporations to buy; no legislatures to be used nor courts to control. There are no dividends to be paid nor bonds to draw interest; and manipulations of stocks, freight rates, and rebates are unknown. Strikes, lockouts, and blacklists are impossible.

The lines are laid out and constructed with great care, in order to meet transportation necessities,—no more; with the consequent result that there are no competing lines, almost parallel to each other and therefore a burden to the railroads as well as to the country through which they are operated. Quite different from what it is in the country from which I came, where the railroads are operated under private ownership, with the result that in many sections where they are needed there are none, while in other sections there are more than are necessary for proper transportation facilities.

Here there is a prevailing idea that the more railroads there are the better it is for the people and for the country through which the railroads are operated. But the extra cost of construction, the extra equipment and cost of operation,—which must all be borne by the people in excessive freight and passenger rates, are entirely overlooked.

If two or more railroads are constructed and operated between any given points, when one can handle all of the transportation business, it is plainly to be seen that the extra cost of construction, equipping, and operating the roads not needed is a useless expense and burden.

Freight and traffic rates are, of course, based upon the cost of construction, equipment, and operation, with interest charges and a profit added. Then, when the people complain that they are being charged excessive rates for transporting their merchandise and products, they are met with the contention on the part of the railroad corporations that they must be allowed a fair rate of interest upon their investment, over and above the cost of operation. And the courts that have been created to adjudicate disputes that may arise concerning transportation rates usually sustain these contentions.

The high salaries paid to officials, the "watered stock," and the useless and fre-

quently enormous expense of construction and operation of so-called "competing lines," built into a part of the country already occupied by a rival company, are not usually deemed worthy of consideration. But if they are, by chance, considered at all, it is understood they do not have much influence upon the question to be decided.

I had never considered these problems until they were called to my attention by Creon in the course of his explanation of their method of laying out and constructing railroads in that country.

"Every one must understand," he explained, "that the only purpose of a railroad is to provide adequate transportation facilities; to carry passengers who desire to travel, either on pleasure or business, and also to transport with as little delay and cost as possible, such produce and merchandise as may be necessary in their distribution to the people. There are no other legitimate purposes for which a railroad can be constructed and operated.

"Taking these facts as to the true basis to work upon, we construct only such railroads as may be necessary and practical. All our railroads are systematically laid out by men of experience,—practical engineers,—to meet the needs of the country. It is all a matter of careful calculation, after the country proposed to be covered has been surveyed, and its adapt-

ability for producing, as well as the character of its products, has been fully determined. From that, and a consideration of the size of the cities and towns to be served and the extent and class of manufacturing, it can very readily be determined what transportation facilities will be needed. It is all very simple, and it is the only common-sense way.

"I find that in your country there seems to be a continual warfare carried on between the people and the railroad corporations over rates, long and short hauls, discrimination, and transportation facilities,—all are brought about by the private ownership of the railroads and the consequent irregular and burdensome system.

"I fully believe," he continued, "that, with a proper system of railroads operated upon a scientific and economical plan, your people would save enough of your dollars and cents in cost of transportation in less than ten years to pay for all the railroads that are needed,—at what they are actually worth.

"For the employees who operate the trains, especially the trains that carry freight, it is, in your country, a most hazardous occupation. Do you know that the number of railroad employees killed and injured is quite beyond belief? I am informed that there railroading is an occupation almost as dangerous as being a soldier in a time of war. Yet, so little value is

placed upon human life by your people, and they have become so hardened to the conditions, that very little concern is given to the matter,—it is accepted as a matter of course.

"It seems almost impossible to make the railroad corporation provide even the most simple appliances for the protection of those in their employ. Life and limb appear to be of little consequence. Time and money seem to be of more importance in their operation.

"Your people make it a crime to kill human beings under certain circumstances; and under your laws, in some instances, life is taken by judicial process as a punishment for killing. But you make no provisions for the punishment of the employers of labor, who through neglect cause the death of hundreds and the mutilation of thousands. War and business seem to be placed upon the same plane, with the idea that both must be carried on in a selfish and inhuman manner, and that to each must be sacrificed life, limb, and happiness,—that cripples, widows, and orphans are necessary. Your people seemingly are unmindful of the fact that a strong, healthy citizen is a valuable asset to your country, while a cripple becomes a burden.

"If you should compel all employers of labor to support the families of those whose lives are destroyed, and to support those and their families who are crippled while engaged in their employment, you would find that the

number of killed and maimed would very soon materially decrease. Apparently the only way to make the majority of your people realize a humane sense of responsibility is through their bank account. A bank account is a sacred thing; and the larger the account the more sacred it becomes."

"Would not your idea of making employers assume such responsibilities place too great a burden upon those who are carrying on the industries of the country?" I inquired. "Could they do that and conduct their business at a profit? Could the railroad corporation continue to operate their railroads if they were required to assume the responsibilities of which you speak? It appears to me that the burden would be greater than they could bear."

"I see," he replied "that you are possessed with the same idea that prevails with nearly all of your people: the idea that money should be first considered,—is of the utmost importance; that the misery and suffering, the life and happiness, of those who labor and of those who are near and dear to them, are of no consequence as compared with money, and should be brushed aside as unworthy of consideration, when your captains of industry are forcing dividends for stockholders and princely salaries for themselves."

"Do you think that railroads can be successfully operated upon humanitarian principles?"

I inquired. "You must admit that under our system it is essential that the stockholders receive a fair return for the money they have invested and it is for those who are in charge,—who are at the head,—to see that they receive it. The officials realize that if they cannot produce dividends and make a good showing in a material way, the stockholders will be looking for others who will."

"That is all very true," replied Creon, "which all goes to show that your system is wrong, and that the brotherhood of man, the doctrine of universal benevolence, has no place in your business world. If any business cannot be successfully conducted without wantonly destroying or wrecking the lives of human beings,—without causing misery and suffering,—the manner of conducting that business should be changed or the business done away with altogether. But there is no necessity of doing away with railroad business, or with any legitimate business, upon that account. Any business can, and should, be conducted with proper regard for the rights of others. That is the way we live and transact our affairs in this world, including the operation of our railroads. Why should it not be the same in yours? However, I fear that, in your interest in the matters that we are discussing, you are overlooking the country through which we are traveling."

I had, in fact, become so absorbed in the

topic we were debating that I had not for some time been paying attention to anything else and had really forgotten that I was traveling in a new world.

"We are now," Creon observed, "within the old-established and well-settled part of the country, where our system is in full operation. The road over which we are traveling is one of our main lines, and extends across the country for over three thousand miles. The branches, or feeders, extend out on each side and are similar to those called trolley-lines in your world. They are usually run in an open space in the center of the highways and join the main line at the cities and towns. These branch roads can be more economically constructed and operated than the main lines, and at the same time they give every facility for transportation. The cities and larger towns, of course, are all located upon the main lines, as well as are all of the large manufacturing plants and warehouses.

"There are only two problems to be solved by the people of any country, great or small. The first is to produce enough for all; and the second is to distribute that which is produced so that none will fail to receive his or her share. Try as you will, you cannot make anything else out of it. But this you will always find,—that the more complications you have the

harder the problem and the more dissatisfaction there will be.

"Any country in which a few are able to procure much more than they have any possible use for, while there are many that are unable to procure enough for their actual needs, and others not even enough to sustain life, is afflicted with a system that is selfish and bad. It is self evident that when a large percentage of the people is unable to procure the actual necessities of life, while at the same time others live in luxury without effort, something is wrong,—the whole system is bad.

"Our whole industrial life is given up to the idea of furnishing every man, woman, and child his or her share of the products of the earth and of the hand of man in the most simple and economical way. And, if you will observe the country, cities, and towns through which we are passing, you will gain an idea of the results we obtain. Look at those prosperous farms; those comfortable homes; those splendid highways, lined with beautiful trees; the flourishing cities and villages, and above all, the healthy, happy and contented people, and compare it with your world, if you will,—bearing in mind that all you see is but a fair example of this whole country. Is there any part of your world that will compare with it?

"We have neither idle rich nor idle poor. In any country the one is just as bad as the other.

Of course any man, rich or poor, after he has reached that age in life when he is entitled to rest,—after he has performed his share,—should no longer be required to participate in the active affairs of life. He should be able to retire and rest upon his laurels in peace and comfort. The last part of life's journey should be traveled with ease; the pathway of life at the end should always be the smoothest.

"Is there anything more pleasing than to see an aged couple, whose life's work is over,—who have lived together a life of usefulness,—quietly and peacefully nearing the end together, with no troubles and worries to disturb their declining days? In your world that is something rare and uncommon but here it is quite usual."

We were now approaching the city where, at Creon's suggestion, we were to remain for a few days before proceeding to our ultimate destination,—the Capital City and industrial centre of the country.

"About ten miles from this place," observed Creon, as we were entering the city, "is located the institution for the care of the feeble-minded and those whom your people call criminals, and I am particularly anxious for you to visit that institution, for I wish you fully to understand our methods of caring for criminals.

"People are not perfect in this world and

there are some who need special care and attention,—not punishment. We do not make criminals and then punish them for being such."

Hallie decided that she would not stop over with us, as she felt that she should return to her school. Besides, she informed us that there was soon to be a golf tournament in which she was to take part, and that she desired to resume her practice and be ready for the contest. One of the wonderful things that I observed while among those people was the way in which they combined their amusements with their duties. With them it was neither all work and no play, nor all play and no work. There was always a happy combination of the two,—with the result that they seemed to take as much interest in their work, and exhibited as much enthusiasm about it as they did in regard to their amusements. Of course the reason for this was because with their short hours of labor, their work did not become irksome, but was, rather, an interesting diversion.

CHAPTER XIV

TREATMENT, NOT PUNISHMENT

We remained in the city last mentioned for several days, and I was shown many things to command comment, but I will only mention the place spoken of by Creon as the institution for the care of criminals and the feeble-minded, in which I became very much interested.

The method of caring for the unfortunate inmates of that institution was unlike anything of the kind I had ever before seen. There were no walls of masonary, with guards on the top, armed with weapons of death. There was no attempt to control either by force or fear, no degrading suits of stripes, no lock step, no closely cropped hair, no solitary confinement, and no bread-and-water diet. All the inmates were treated as if they were men,—human beings.

A large farm, connected with the institution, furnished occupation for many, and others were employed in a manufacturing plant,—also a part of the institution. As a rule the feeble-minded were kept separate from the other unfortunates, and the women were in a

building by themselves. The hours of labor to be performed were the same as required in that world of every one doing the same kind of work. The buildings were well ventilated and well lighted, with none of the features of a prison, such as there are in my country. Cells with barred and grated doors there were none, but, instead, each inmate had a comfortable and well-furnished room. There was not about the place any clanking of chains and clang of iron doors, no rattling of bolts and bars.

The health, morals, and comfort of every one were carefully looked after. It was a place devoted to teaching, guiding, and directing; a place where men were made better and not worse,—not humiliated, degraded, and brutalized.

The inmates were not forbidden to speak to one another; not obliged to remain silent when with their fellow-men by day, and at night be confined in an iron cell, gloomy and alone,—there to become sullen and morose; to think and brood on the wrongs and injustices inflicted upon them; to feel that the hand of man was raised against them; that they are outcasts and forbidden even the society of those as unfortunate as themselves.

The inmates, when not performing the duties required of them, were, within certain prescribed limits, free to go and come as they

pleased. So long as they performed the light duties required of them and conformed to the rules and regulations of the institution, they were well fed, well clothed, well provided for in every way, and made generally comfortable. They were treated with consideration at all times; with some restraint, of course, but, nevertheless, they were recognized as human beings and treated as such.

As there were neither guards nor walls, neither locks nor bolts, it appeared to me that there was nothing to prevent the inmates from leaving the place at any time and I so expressed myself to Creon.

"Yes," he replied, "there is nothing to prevent them from going away. But what would they do if they should leave? They would not have any metal check, consequently could not procure anything to eat, a place to sleep, or any of the necessities of life. Here is the only place in this world where they can live. No one could or would give them anything. When they arrive here their checks are taken from them, and are not returned until they are discharged. Without their checks, there is no way for them to procure either food or shelter. They all realize this, and it is unusual for one of them to try the experiment. Having always lived under our system, they fully realize their situation and how useless it would be to attempt to travel about the country without their checks.

"To take away from a person in this world his or her check means more to that person than it would to take away from a millionaire in your world every dollar he possessed. I am informed that many break down entirely when they are obliged to give them up. They realize that they are no longer free; that they cannot live with their fellow-men and enjoy the freedom and pleasures that others have. Yet, my observations in your world lead me to believe that these inmates live better and have more of the comforts of life than are enjoyed by more than two-thirds of your people.

"The families of these people,—the wife and children,—are not left without any means of support and required to get along as best they can. The innocent are not made to suffer more than the guilty."

"What constitutes your code of crime?" I inquired. "I can very readily see that your criminal code, as well as the offenses against the law must be very different from what they are in my country. There not being any ownership of property, there cannot be any theft. Naturally, there are no burglaries, or robberies, or crimes of that nature. The conditions that produce crime are here eliminated. There is no money nor any need of it. For gain men cannot steal, lie, cheat, and defraud. Poverty, idleness, and want,—the great producers of crime,—you do not have. The training and en-

vironment of your people are such that the excessive use of intoxicants, I believe, is almost unknown. I wonder that there are any criminals,—that there are any institutions of this kind."

"All that you have said," he replied, "is very true. But the people of this world are endowed with passions the same as they are in yours. Naturally, under the social and industrial conditions here, men of intense passions are not so apt to lose their self-control as they are under the conditions existing in your world. Our people are not nervous, irritable, and easily excited. Then there cannot be any quarrels over property ownership. Without money there are no games of chance to cause anger. There are no libidinous resorts and no drunken brawls. Yet there are men here who, not being able to control their passions, must themselves be controlled.

"We do not allow violence, idleness, or drunkenness. If any person intentionally commits an act of violence upon another, or persists in not doing his or her share, or becomes addicted to the excessive use of intoxicants, such person is committed to this institution. But those who are so committed are not looked upon as criminals,—condemned, berated and punished. They are looked upon with pity, much the same as your people consider the insane.

"Those whom your people call 'criminals,'

are either criminals by nature,—born criminals,—or are made such by reason of your social condition; by environment, or circumstances. If they are born criminals they are no more responsible for their criminal acts than are the mentally deranged for their insane acts. If they are made criminals by their environment or circumstances, brought about by your social condition, why should society condemn and punish them for that which it is responsible for producing?

"We have very few of those whom you call criminals. With all of our millions of people we have fewer criminals and insane altogether than you have in any one of your smaller states. That convinces me that the great number of criminals and insane people in your world is largely due to your social and industrial system. It can not be accounted for in any other way. Yet your people continue that system,—cherish it; a system that, instead of making mankind better, makes them worse; a system that instead of making so-called Christians,—real Christians,—hampers and prevents them from being such. And, so insistent are your people in sustaining that system that they sneer at and abuse those who are honestly striving to bring about a change for the better; notwithstanding, there is more war, more crime, more misery and wretchedness in your world to-day than ever before. And why is it?

Can it be that your people are so engrossed with the struggle for gold, or with the problems of life, that they have no time in which to think of other things? If so, the conditions in your world are certainly deplorable."

"That is a question I have been trying to solve ever since I became acquainted with your wonderful system," I replied. "After seeing your people all working together under a system so simple and natural, and all so prosperous, happy, and carefree I have been trying to find the real reason for the unnatural condition that exists in my world. And I must say that up to the present time I have not been able to solve the problem.

"Your suggestion that the people, in their struggle to carry the burdens that they are obliged to bear, do not have the time to think and ponder over their condition, has given to me a new idea. That may be, and probably is, one of the reasons why nothing is accomplished. It is certain that if the people would only stop and calmly consider their situation and then consider how unnecessary it all is, they would soon find a remedy."

"If they would organize and study the problem in a rational way, it would soon be solved," he interposed. "They would soon see that war and preparations for war are wrong, and would declare against it for all time. They would ascertain that the earth is capable of produc-

ing enough for all and to spare; that none who are willing to do need suffer for the necessities of life; that a few hours of actual productive labor each day performed by every one would be sufficient to produce plenty for the comfort and happiness of men. A natural condition of human existence, such as you see existing here, would soon be wrought out of chaos. A wonderful change would be accomplished. True Christianity, the brotherhood of man, would soon reign supreme.

"That there is plenty in your world for every one cannot be denied, and yet, how unequally it is distributed among the people. In many instances they who live in idleness and produce nothing have the most and best of everything, while they who work and toil the hardest have the least.

"If a thousand men, women, and children were placed upon an island and from time to time they were furnished with everything necessary for their comfort and enjoyment as needed, would not any one visiting that island a year or a few years thereafter expect to find them all equally enjoying those things that had been so generously furnished? That would be reasonable and natural. But if, instead, it was found that a few had appropriated the greater part of the things furnished for all, and were living thereon in luxury and idleness, while others were suffering for want of suitable

shelter, clothing and food, would not that be unreasonable and unnatural? But, if it were further found that those who were suffering for the necessities of life were required to gather up and bring to those who were living in luxury and idleness the things that were furnished for all, would not that be inhuman and appalling?''

''I must confess,'' I replied, ''that after becoming familiar with your system the conditions in my world, as I contemplate them, fill me with horror and dismay. I believe the conditions there existing cannot long continue. I am certain the people will not much longer be driven to war and bloodshed; that they will cast aside their burdens, peaceably but firmly, and proclaim their rights as human beings; that the war there now raging must end in permanent peace. But let us come back to this institution. I am anxious to learn who commits these people, how they are sent here, and who fixes the length of time they are to remain.''

''They are not,'' replied Creon, ''sent here by judges, jurors, or lawyers. Those we do not have any use for under our system. The commitment of these people is looked after by the Sub-District Supervisors.

''When a complaint is made against a person, a committee appointed from the members of the Sub-District Supervisors makes a thorough investigation. The person against

whom the complaint is made is first seen and made acquainted with the charges and given every opportunity to explain. If the committee is not satisfied with the explanation given, the investigation is continued until the committee is fully satisfied as to what should be done. During the investigation, the person accused is examined by expert physicians as to his or her mental condition, and if it is finally decided that the person should be looked after, he or she is committed to this institution.

"Those who are sent here are not sentenced for a term of years, or for any length of time; and they are discharged whenever it is believed to be for the best interests of themselves and the community. These people are committed to this institution for treatment,—not for punishment.

"In that part of this institution set apart for the feeble-minded there are,—as you have seen,—very few inmates. In this world the scarcity of feeble-minded,—as well as the scarcity of criminals,—is due to what you call our system. And the great number there are of both in your world is largely due to your system.

"In this world women are not obliged to overwork, as many thousands do in your world. There many are born defective because their mothers were obliged to toil long hours in nerve-wrecking factories or other places equal-

ly as bad, up to the time of their birth; and, not only had they to labor under such conditions but by such toil were unable to produce from their labor enough to procure sufficient food to provide proper nourishment for themselves and the child unborn.

"Is there any wonder that there are, considering the conditions, vast numbers born into your world every year who are deficient mentally and physically? Is it surprising that they, by reason of their defective condition, are unable to meet the fierce struggle for existence, and become inmates of prisons, or the poorhouses?

"In this world the mother-to-be is relieved from even performing the easy task of doing her share of labor. We feel that she is doing her share, and doing it well, without added burdens. With us the unborn child is looked after and protected. We take an interest in it; fully realizing that a child born into this world under favorable conditions is more likely to be strong and healthy, mentally and physically, than is one born under unfavorable conditions. We realize that a healthy well-balanced citizen is a valuable asset, while a degenerate is a liability.

"Then think of the child: destined to go through life weak in body and mind and probably condemned for a condition over which it had no control, and for which it should not be

blamed. Your people seemingly do not feel that they have any interest in the welfare of the future citizen. You are all too much taken up with the pursuit of gold to think of the future, or of the hereafter.

"In the matter of your dollars and cents your people would gain much if they would look after and protect the mother-to-be, and thus prevent the bringing into your world of the criminal-born, the feeble-minded, and the degenerate. But the heedlessness of your people in that regard is only on a par with your whole inhuman social and industrial system.

"What can be expected of a people that train their young men to fight, kill, and destroy one another; that maintain schools for that purpose and spend millions of that yellow metal which they all worship, in maintaining armies and navies; that take pride in their weapons of destruction—weapons made for taking of human lives, for the destroying of homes.

"What is to be expected from a people that spend their gold for guns, powder, and lead,—for munitions of war,—when millions are in need of that gold, that with it they may be able to procure the bare necessities of life. A people who, if they took any interest in the unborn child, it would be an interest in its development as a man of war; so that it could and would, as soon as it arrived at the fighting

age, go forth to kill and be killed,—to fight and die for its country's kings and rulers.

"I am informed that one of your so-called enlightened nations protects the mother-to-be, not on account of any special interest the government takes in the mother or in the child, except that if a male it may become a more efficient soldier; that it may grow up to be a strong healthy man and thus be the better qualified to kill and destroy his fellow-men. Not that by reason of his vigor and strength he may become a useful citizen and a help to mankind, but that he may be the better able to destroy homes and make widows and orphans,—to cause misery and woe. Through long years of military training and preparation for war, the rulers of that country have become so obsessed with their superiority and military power, that they have engulfed your whole world in the most cruel and inhuman war that was ever known.

"If all your ruling classes—those who control your governments,—would give more attention to making men better, the lot of mankind would be easier, and life more worth the living. If all those who have charge of the affairs of your governments would pay more attention to the interests and welfare of the whole people, there would be less bloodshed, less crime, and less poverty and want. And if you had no ruling classes, you would all enjoy greater freedom

and be more prosperous and peaceful. You would be free from the burdens and horrors of war.

"Lack of government, lack of rulers, does not mean chaos, as many of your people contend. We do not have any government, according to your ideas of government, and no ruling classes, yet we have a peaceful happy people.

"Many of your people, I find, contend that, on account of the perversity of the human race, governments are a necessity; that without the strong hand of control, mankind would degenerate; that civilization would retrograde into barbarism. To admit that argument as sound is to admit that the human race is inferior to the brute; that men are but mere savages and as such must be controlled and protected from one another.

"If your forms of government are necessary for the protection of the human race in your world, it is on account of the fact that your system has brought the race to that state; that a continual system based upon greed and individualism has changed the natural instincts of men.

"The natural instincts of men are good. Naturally men are kind, loving charitable, and sympathetic. But improper training, education, and environment may change all that; and with your people I am afraid it has done so,

and that it is now necessary to bring them back to their natural condition.

"In order to bring about that change you must eliminate the necessity for man to keep up a continual struggle for existence. That is unnecessary and is chiefly caused by your wars and preparations for war, and your many useless occupations. Wars are not only cruel and inhuman but cause wanton and useless destruction of life and property; cause unnecessary misery and suffering, not only to those who are actually engaged but to millions who take no part, even for generations after. And your many useless occupations bring added burdens to all; even to those who are engaged in those occupations.

"These are not all the changes that must be made, but when made they will greatly lighten the burdens now borne by your people and will quickly lead to other changes almost as necessary. Your people must and will change to a social and industrial system that will foster and bring forth the natural instincts of man to do that which is good instead of doing that which is bad. Men are not naturally cruel, but they may be made more cruel and inhuman than the most savage of the brute creation.

"Even the most savage and cruel of animals do not accumulate food which they do not have need of, and retain it from other animals that need it. After they have satisfied their hunger,

they leave any surplus for other animals that may have need of it.

"But under the system existing in your world, men not only take what they need but strive to accumulate and retain all they can, regardless of the rights and necessities of other men. Yes! regardless of the necessities of women and helpless children; and, in the name of Justice, their right so to do is protected and enforced under your laws."

The sun was now low in the west, and the beauties of a summer evening were spreading over the land, proclaiming the close of another day,—a day that had given to me new thoughts and new ideas regarding man's obligations toward the unfortunate and incompetent.

As we turned our steps toward the station from out the extensive park that surrounded the buildings of the institution, there floated to our ears the strains of music from a band made up from the inmates. At the close of the day, instead of listening to the clanking of bolts and bars, the inmates of that institution were soothed with inspiring music; instead of being confined behind grated doors of steel in a narrow, unhealthy cell, they were enjoying the cool of the summer evening among beautiful trees, breathing health-giving air laden with the fragrance of flowers. They were men,—not numbers.

CHAPTER XV

A CITY AND ITS PEOPLE

After one more stop we arrived at the Capital City,—just two weeks from the day we had landed in the pocket of the mountains. During that time my ideas of government, my ideas of man's obligation to man, my ideas of life itself, had entirely changed. I looked upon the human race in a new light. I no longer looked upon man as a subject for spoliation; as an object from whom I hoped to be able to extract dollars and cents, though fearful that he might be successful in abstracting them from me first. I no longer looked upon men with suspicion and distrust. I had absorbed the ideas of those people and was a changed,—a new man. I had seen a whole human race living together as brothers; none striving to obtain more than his or her share.

It all seemed so natural,—quite as it should be,—that I could hardly realize how any people could have it otherwise. It did not appear to me that there could be any other way. And, I must say there is no other way under which mankind can live and fully realize all the true

enjoyments of life; no other way under which man can do justice to himself and to his fellow-men.

I found that city to be indeed a Capital City; a city beautiful, and a city of homes. It is also a great manufacturing city, and a city of schools and colleges. It is not only the capital of the country but it is the center of industry and the center of learning. It is the largest city in the country, having a population of over two millions. It is a city of public buildings and schools, of factories and homes. There is no congested business center with its bustling crowd of agitated humanity.

The public buildings and the schools are spacious and surrounded with extensive grounds. The factories are located amid trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and in their construction the health and comfort of those that work therein are of the first importance. And the homes,—those I have described before. In all that world a home is an abode of beauty and comfort; a place where dwell happiness, contentment and tranquillity. And, more than all that, there are homes for all that want them. No citizen of that world is without shelter. Of roof-trees there are enough for all.

And why should there not be? The earth produces the material for their construction and there are men in plenty to construct them. It is only a matter of gathering the material,

shaping it, and putting it in place. If the men who are idle and those who are engaged in useless occupations in my world could all be employed in constructing homes from the material at hand, how long would it be before there would be enough homes for every one? It is very easy to see that under a proper system none need be in want,—none need be homeless.

After seeing the benefits resulting to mankind from the system there in operation I am firmly of the opinion that every one that desires work should have it, and any one who is able to work and will not, should be made to do so. A proper amount of labor is beneficial to man, but too much of it is harmful and makes men old before their time. One of the unfortunate conditions in my world is the unequal distribution of labor. Many there are who are mere drones of society,—of no use to themselves or to their fellow-men. A life lived for the mere living is a useless and worthless life; not only to the one who lives it but to society, country, and all mankind.

During the time I spent in that city I endeavored to learn all I could regarding their method of conducting the affairs of state,—the business of the country. I cannot say "the affairs of government," as there really is no government. Neither can I say "political affairs," as there are no politics. There are no political parties with leaders imbued with

the idea that they alone are capable of looking after the best interests of the country,—ever willing to assume all of the burdens in the interests of the people,—their own interests, of course, being of secondary importance.

Although there are in that world no governments, from our viewpoint of what constitutes a government, and no politics, politicians, or political parties, yet I found those people the most patriotic of any that I have ever known. But their patriotism is that of peace, not of war,—a patriotism that is not so much of country as of humanity; that includes the welfare and well-being of man; the prosperity and happiness of a whole human race; a true and unselfish love for their country and of all mankind, not a patriotism that leads to war and the destroying of human life, but one that prevents war and the untold miseries that follow in its wake. Under their system of training, education, and environment; under their method of conducting their affairs, war is impossible, although they have universal training, both male and female, it is not a military training, but a training that properly fits them for the full enjoyment of a peaceful and useful life.

I was deeply interested in their educational system, and as Hallie was a teacher in one of the schools of the City I had every opportunity to get all the information upon that subject that I desired. And here I must mention the fact

that there is no illiteracy. Every one receives a liberal and substantial education,—an education that reaches beyond the ability to merely read and write.

Both youth and maiden are taught music, literature, and many of the arts and sciences. To know thyself is considered of the greatest importance, and hygiology constitutes a part of the curriculum in every school. The science of health, its preservation and the laws of sanitation are thought to be as necessary to fit one for the various functions of life as mathematics. They are taught to "know something about everything and everything about something." There education is a development of the body and mind; it is a physical, mental and moral advancement. Those people believe that "a sound mind in a sound body" makes the ideal man and woman. Upon that theory the child is trained and educated from childhood to manhood and womanhood.

All are compelled to attend the schools, and during their school period the youths and maidens devote themselves to preparing for their life work; by furthering their mental and physical development. As there is only one language spoken they do not have to spend their time in studying different languages,—either dead or living.

Those who intend to become farmers take special courses in agriculture, horticulture, and

arboriculture. Those who are interested in mechanics receive special training in the science of the laws of matter, motion, and principles of mechanics. Girls as well as boys receive special training, so that all upon arriving at maturity are fully prepared to assume the duties of life: all are qualified and ready to perform well their part.

I found that, on account of the care and attention given to the training and education of the young, the young men and women are well developed mentally and physically; and, as their habits are carefully looked after, their morals are of the best. The marvelous system of the country is thoroughly instilled into their minds, and they are made to understand that it is the only system under which all mankind can fully enjoy life and do justice to themselves and to one another. This whole wonderful system is based upon education, training, and environment, producing a condition that must be seen to be fully appreciated.

In visiting the schools and colleges I did not find the pupils demure and staid, but, instead, a robust, lively lot, full of life and health. When they were at play, and upon the streets, I observed that there was none of the offensive and immoral language used that is so frequently heard upon the playgrounds and streets in my world.

Those people realize that habit of thought,

speech, and mind and the moral stamina acquired by the young are hard to change and, as a rule, will continue through life. For that reason they devote much time and attention to the training and development of the men and women of the future. Under their system this can be done. Those people are not wholly occupied in making a living or in the pursuit of gold. They have time to devote to other things.

In that world there are no pampered children of the rich; no wretched, neglected children of the poor. There all enter upon life's journey under equal conditions, and while making that journey have the same opportunities. Merit and worth are fully recognized, and it is considered an honor to be known as a superior workman, a good farmer, or to excel in any occupation that a person may be engaged in. Position and honor are not acquired by wealth, but by excellence of character, superior merit, and virtue.

As those people are fond of healthful sports and have ample time to devote to them, I found that much admiration was bestowed upon those who excel in the popular sports and games, amounting, in some instances, almost to hero worship.

The games vary with the seasons; among the most popular are ball, golf, polo, and cricket; and the discussion of these sports by the people

in their conversation and their attendance at the games indicate how generally they are all interested. The papers devote a great deal of their space to the games; and the plays made, as well as the players, are keenly criticized, and, when warranted, their excellence extolled.

The champion golf player of the City was one of the workers in an iron foundry and the champion polo player a street car motorman. I heard them lauded, and their plays discussed with much interest about the clubs, hotels, and public places. They were the heroes of the hour. I learned that as the workers in the foundry perform the hardest kind of labor they are only required to work two hours each day. I also learned that the shift in which the golf champion belonged worked from eight to ten in the forenoon, and thus he had the balance of the day to devote to his favorite game. The motorman, I ascertained, had a run that required him to be on duty from eight until eleven-thirty in the evening, and during the day he was a gentleman of leisure, who might devote his time to the "millionaire's game,"—as polo is designated in this world.

I had the same opportunities to take a part in their sports and amusements as any one else, and after I had been in the city a short time and had become somewhat acquainted, I did not hesitate to take advantage of the privileges. I confined myself principally to polo and

golf, although Hallie and I frequently attended equestrian dances, and at her request I joined a tennis club of which she was a member. We also frequently rode and drove together, and I did not find any difficulty in procuring horses.

As the people are very much devoted to outdoor amusements, and,—when the weather is not inclement,—spend the greater part of their time in the open, the streets and parks of the city present a holiday appearance, especially since,—on account of the system, as I have before described, of keeping their working clothes at their place of employment, and changing there, there are no shabbily dressed people about to mar the gala-day effect.

I made my home with Creon and had a desk in his library, where I worked my allotted hours as his secretary, and soon felt that I was almost a member of the family. My position as Creon's secretary gave me unusual opportunities to investigate the social and industrial systems of that world, and with his assistance and Hallie's, I progressed very rapidly with my work.

At first it seemed strange to be without money and to procure whatever I needed as though it belonged to me. But I soon became used to the changed conditions, and after that it appeared to me to be the only rational way. And upon returning to my own world I found it much more difficult to again employ our complicated

money system than it was for me to adopt the simple method of Creon's country.

The longer I remained in that world the more I became attached to those people and their systems, and I frequently found myself entertaining the idea of not returning to "The Planet of Gold." And I am inclined to think that I would not have done so had it not been finally determined that I would only remain here for a certain period and then return to that world and become a permanent resident. That was determined about a month before my departure, and since that time I have looked upon that world as my future abode.

The reason for my determination to settle in that world and make my future home among those people I do not feel like disclosing at this time, but may conclude to do so later.

I had become very much attached to those people, of course. Then there was the peace and comfort, the joy and charm of living, as compared with the turmoil, strife, and wretchedness in the world I had left. I realized that the contrast between the two would be so great that I could never again be contented in my world, even with my wealth, which would protect me from the cares and worries that fall to the lot of most persons. I felt that the wretchedness and poverty of others that I must encounter would make me miserable, even though I did not have to share them myself.

But there was a more potent reason. I had found a new interest in that world,—a new charm that drew me to it as nothing else could.

The members of almost every craft as well as the workers in many of the factories have their clubs, with spacious buildings well, even luxuriously, furnished. I was a frequent visitor at many of those clubs, and in equipment and comfort found them equal to the club buildings of the well-to-do in the cities of my world. The people, too, that congregate there proved to be as well mannered and as well dressed as those that patronize the clubs of my country, and, I must confess, were as a rule more intelligent, social, and interesting.

I realize that it will be hard for my readers to believe that laborers,—men who work with their hands,—have the leisure and means to loiter in well-appointed club rooms and during a portion of their time play at being gentlemen of leisure. But if these readers will consider the simple proposition that there in that world labor instead of capital represents,—is, in fact, —wealth, it will then be easy to comprehend.

I learned that while libraries, theaters, and schools,—as well as the parks, polo grounds, golf links, and all other places of public amusement,—are maintained by, and are under the control of, the system, the clubs of which I speak, to a certain extent, are not. The theaters, parks, and all places of public amusement are

free to all, but the clubs,—like the homes,—are for the use of the members and their friends.

In my world those that are members of social clubs obtain and maintain their membership by the payment in money of fees and dues, but there membership is obtained and maintained by labor,—extra labor.

For extra labor a man or woman receives credit, and up to a certain limit extra labor can usually be obtained by those that wish it. This credit can at any time be drawn and used as desired. It may be used for extra vacation, for travel, for visiting friends, or to procure some work of art that pleases the fancy. The work of art,—representing so much labor, instead of money,—can be procured by exchanging labor for it.

The home and all the necessities and comforts of life are guaranteed to all who perform their share, but beyond that, the added luxuries are procured by exchange of labor. There is a department of the Sub-District Supervisors that looks after that feature of the system.

Creon informs me that for a number of years after arriving at maturity the people perform considerable extra labor, but as they advance in life, they perform less, not caring for the extras that can be procured by it.

The government, or the management, as I will call it, of the City,—as in case of all other cities there,—is under direct supervision of the Dis-

trict Managers. The general supervision, however, is in charge of a committee made up of men who,—while they once belonged to the army of workers,—have been connected with municipal work, and are therefore familiar with municipal affairs. There are different departments, with superintendents in charge; each department having its particular work to look after.

Mayors, councilmen, grafters, and hangers-on are unknown in their city governments. There are no politicians, rounders, or incompetents to be looked after and taken care of; to live and thrive upon the citizens. Neither are there gambling places, dens of vice, nor saloons to be looked after and recognized,—restrained at times and encouraged at others,—to prey upon mankind and to be preyed upon in return by politicians.

"The incompetent method of governing and conducting the affairs of cities in your country is truly deplorable," remarked Creon, as we were going through the municipal building of the city. "It is a system of spoliation. As a rule the citizens, tax-payers and property owners are plundered, swindled and robbed to a degree almost beyond belief—they are the prey of unscrupulous politicians and office-holders.

"In many instances vice and crime are openly fostered and encouraged, while honesty and

virtue are treated with contempt and scorn. The money of the tax-payers is misappropriated and wasted, embezzled and squandered. The affairs of your cities are conducted for the benefit of those in control and not in the interest of the people. They—the people—are not recognized or thought of, except as objects to be hoodwinked and deceived; subjects for plunder and pillage.

"That is a condition that, in a greater or less degree, runs through your whole system of government and always will, just so long as your present form of government continues. I will say that inefficiency is more prominent than actual dishonesty, but one is almost as harmful and deplorable as the other.

"But what can be expected when the chief qualification of many of those who control your affairs,—those who hold office,—is their ability to fool the people and get votes? That I find is usually accomplished, either through organization, manipulation of the newspapers or exceptional ability to deceive and mislead.

"Your people insist upon a government and in having men to govern and control your affairs; but you do not train or educate them for that purpose, and men are placed in charge who are without experience or ability and are therefore incompetent and inefficient.

"In your world men are trained for war at the expense of the people, and you insist upon

your professional men being trained for their professions; but you elect men to manage your governmental affairs who are devoid of training or experience, with the result that your affairs of government are in a sad and calamitous condition. I may almost say in a state of chaos.

"Even under your system of waste and useless occupations, the people of your country have a total wealth of more than one hundred and forty billions of dollars, which, if equally distributed would give something like fourteen hundred dollars to every man, woman, and child in your country. And yet there are thousands who are in want, suffering for food and clothing, while the few are rich beyond the dream of avarice.

"Should the people of your world require any further proof of what they should do? Does it not show that they should throw aside their forms of government that have proven to be so pernicious and useless and adopt a rational system, a system which will provide for all and not make a few millionaires and innumerable paupers? They must adopt a system of philanthropy, of humanitarianism. They must devise a system whereby every man and woman shall enjoy the fruit of his or her labor, and prevent one greedy being from monopolizing the toil and making miserable the lives of thousands.

"The people of your country take great pride

in the wealth of your nation, and boast vainglo-riously of how it has multiplied more than one hundred-and-twenty-five-fold since the organization of your present form of government; but what have they to say of the way in which it is distributed among your people? It is not the amount of wealth that indicates prosperity, it is the way in which it is apportioned among the people that tells the tale.

"Your cities, your states, and your national government are all loaded down with debts, upon which your people are paying interest. It is rare to find a town, city, or county that is not burdened with debts; and your states and national government are in even a worse condition. And the indebtedness continues to accumulate. No one ever stops to think of the day of reckoning; and what the end will be is beyond the prescience of man.

"Under our system there is no graft, there are no politicians, no office-holders, no incompetents, no debts, no interest, no taxes, and no excessive burdens. Our cities are clean, sanitary and beautiful,—places in which it is a pleasure to live,—to have a home.

"The street railways, electric systems, telephone service, as well as the water works and sewer system, are considered a part of the municipality, and are looked after and controlled by the District Managers. They are almost as necessary as the streets and sidewalks, and

should therefore receive the same consideration and attention."

In our inspection of the municipal building, I noticed that all were attentive to the duties they were engaged in performing. Those that were at work in the various departments did not appear to be working with the idea that they had a pull and could hold down the job as long as their pull lasted, regardless of their incompetency or inefficiency.

I spent considerable time in the Capitol buildings, as I will call them,—the buildings used for transacting the general affairs of the country. In my investigation of how those affairs were conducted I found that neither the Grand Council, District Managers, or the Sub-District Supervisors pass any laws, by-laws, or ordinances.

When they meet as a body they listen to reports of committees, discuss matters generally, appoint committees, either with power to act or with instructions to investigate and report. There is no bombast, no "playing to the galleries," no seeking for votes, and no constituents to be looked after and provided for.

The affairs of government,—as I will call it, —are conducted in a systematic and business-like manner by men of experience,—men whose minds are not occupied with the problem of re-election but bent on the business in hand. In all of their official acts they are not concerned with the thought of how a constituency will view

their acts, and what effect those acts may have upon their political advancement,—not working for a political party instead of for the country.

They are not agreeing to support this or that measure, regardless of its merits, in order to secure the support of others on some pet measure that they may have in view; not trying to fool the people that they may thus keep themselves in office. They are not wasting their time in useless talk against the party measures of their political opponents, while the business affairs of the country suffer and are at a standstill. They give their attention solely to the business affairs of the country; they work for the whole people and for the system,—in other words, they do not put in their time in "playing politics."

There the system is simple but firm and enduring, and all that is necessary is to carry on and continue that system,—a system that gives equal rights to all, a system that fosters patriotism,—but not false patriotism.

The more familiar I became with this ideal method of conducting the affairs of government, the more cumbersome and absurd did our method appear. And yet, it is no more absurd and nonsensical than our whole industrial and social system. A system that tends to destroy homes, happiness, and peace; religion, honor and virtue; that makes poverty where there

should be prosperity; tears where there should be smiles; sickness and death where there should be life and health; want where there should be plenty. A system that retards the human race,—morally, mentally and physically,—that perverts mankind.

Being the only person from my world who has ever seen a rational system in operation; who has mingled with a people that are living in a natural common-sense way; each enjoying life at its best, and willing and anxious that all others should do likewise, I am better able to see the incongruities of our method than are others who have not had the same experience. I can more readily realize the unfitness of things and understand how unnecessary it all is.

An immense water power, fully developed and utilized, has made that a great manufacturing city, but not a smoky, sooty, and unhealthy one. The manufacturing plants are all operated by electricity, generated from the power plants, and the same system is in operation that I have heretofore described. There are mills and factories for the manufacture of nearly everything for the use of mankind; although the principal industries are the manufacturing of woolen and cotton goods, boots and shoes, and flour.

I visited many of the different plants and found them all, without exception, clean and healthful, and desirable places in which to work.

They are equipped with the best of improved machinery, and in their operation the health, comfort and safety of the operators are considered and carefully looked after. The people who work in those factories are not working to produce dividends for stockholders, regardless of everything else; not toiling and risking life and limb for a wage hardly sufficient to produce the bare necessities of life. They are not working for wealth in which they can have no share; they are not required to labor long hours in unclean, ill-ventilated, and unhealthy workrooms,—in order that capital may be rewarded,—under an industrial system that considers capital to be of more importance than human life,—the lives of those who toil.

They are not working under a board of directors that is constantly planning to produce more at a lesser cost; to lower the cost of production, no matter how, in order that capital may enjoy a greater profit. They are not working under a system that plans to reduce the cost of production at the expense of labor and thus enable the owners of capital more fully to enjoy their palatial homes, their automobiles, their lackeys, and to live in idleness and luxury. They are not helping to maintain a system under which those that labor and support capital receive hardly enough to sustain life, while capital thrives and prospers,—a system of labor with poverty, of idleness with wealth.

"That capital is better protected than is labor under the laws of your country cannot be gainsaid," declared Creon in discussing this subject. "Capital may work its employees in unhealthy workrooms, around unprotected, dangerous machinery, and thereby destroy health; may maim and cripple and even destroy human life, without punishment and almost without censure; but when labor destroys capital, labor is invariably punished,—it is made to feel the strong arm of the law."

It would be useless for me to again describe the system of distributing the food supply to the people. It is the same simple plan in a city of that size as it is in the smaller towns and cities. Every one has his or her part to perform and knows how and when to perform it. The necessities of life are not stored and retained from the people until a profit may be made by an advance in price. There is not food in abundance for those that have the means with which to procure it, and none for those that are not possessed of that magic thing called money.

Money! That word no longer appeals to me as the one thing needful for human happiness. Such thoughts as possessed me while Creon and I were on our way down the mountain after our flight through space, I no longer entertain. I have learned to look upon money as worse than a useless thing. I can now see that, instead

of making men happy, it is the cause of all their wretchedness. It is the great producer of misery and crime,—the incentive to man's inhumanity to man. It destroys manhood and womanhood; it wrecks families and homes; it retards the progress and advancement of the human race: it has been well designated as "the root of all evil."

CHAPTER XVI

FOR MAN AND HUMANITY

During the time I remained in that world, summer faded into autumn, autumn into winter, and when I left, spring, with its freshness and glory, was upon the land. The trees were taking on their hues of green, the flowers were blooming, the birds singing, and all nature was as joyous and full of life as were the wonderful people of that wonderful country.

My principal duty as Creon's secretary was to acquire information and gather material for this book. That work was drawing to a close, and the time was fast approaching when I was in duty bound to return to the "Planet of Gold" and proclaim all that I had seen; to show to those wretched beings who are struggling under the burdens of a miserable and needless method of existence that there is a system under which mankind can live in peace and plenty; to bring a ray of hope to those who are now without hope,—who have nothing to anticipate but misery and penury.

There should not be anything to prevent the people of my world from adopting a system

similar to that which I found there in perfect operation,—a system that will do away with war and all causes for war, with greed and all causes for greed.

Why cannot as much be done in times of peace for the uplifting of man as is done in times of war for his destruction?

To maintain war, those in control of governments do not hesitate to confiscate property, to operate railroads, and factories, to control all food supplies, in short, to do anything that they may consider necessary for the carrying on of their awful work of destruction. But in times of peace they would view with horror any attempt to do those things for the betterment of mankind and in the interests of humanity. If the rulers of our governments would take the same interest in the upbuilding of the human race that they do in maintaining and extending the governments, we would have more peace and less war, more happiness and less misery.

In war system is everything; and for the purposes of war a system is maintained that is almost perfect in its operations; a system harsh, cruel, and unjust, but effectual for the purposes; a system that fills the land with unmarked graves; that buries men in trenches with dead horses; that causes men, wounded and helpless, to lie neglected and uncared for amid the dead and dying, to writhe, shriek, and

mourn in their agony and despair; there to die for the want of care and attention,—for the touch of a helping hand.

I know that in my world there has never been a greater need of a change than at the present time. There never was more poverty, never more wealth, and that wealth was never more unequally distributed. There is in my world to-day more war, bloodshed, and crime than were ever before known. In nearly all of our so-called civilized nations, the tramp of marching armies is constant, and the boom of cannon is heard upon every sea. More men are to-day engaged in the killing and destroying of one another than at any time known in history. A whole world has gone war mad.

And why is it? Have the people retrograded into barbarism; do they take delight in the shedding of blood, in the taking of life, in the destruction of homes? Have the people of my world reached that state when they prefer war to peace?

That cannot be. It is because under the plan of government that has prevailed with some of our nations, the people have had no voice in the affairs of government,—in the things in which they are the most vitally concerned. It is because a few have assumed control of the many, and the people are driven to the shambles as sheep to the slaughter, with no more to say regarding their fate. It is on account of a system

of wrong training, wrong education, wrong environment; a system based upon nationalism instead of internationalism.

"Now is the time," observed Creon in speaking upon this subject, "for the people of your world to act. With a large percentage of its inhabitants engaged in a most cruel war,—a percentage greater than ever before so employed in the history of your world,—it would seem as though the people would realize that your forms of government have proven a complete failure and should be cast aside as worthless and as a menace to the human race. There never was a time when a change was more needed than now. Your people, as a whole, were never in a more deplorable condition than they are at the present time. Millions who are lovers of peace are forced to take up arms and fight their fellow-men; to fight, kill, and destroy men against whom they have no grievance and for what purpose they know not.

"Want, that grim spectre of death, stalks silently throughout the land, pointing its bony fingers to the feeble and infirm, to the child and mother, and man stops not to stay its progress. Schools and churches are being turned into hospitals, and men into demons. Munitions of war are of the first importance, and for gain,—in exchange for gold,—they are being furnished to the belligerents by the people of neutral nations in order that the work of death and de-

struction may not be stayed, but be continued as long as possible. Furnished, yes, with the one thought of the profits resulting therefrom; without regard for the destruction of life, the misery and suffering that will be caused thereby.

"The forms of government that have been maintained for so many years in your world have not proven a success, but, instead, have resulted in disaster. They should now end. Under your forms of government, wars have been continuous, one following after the other in rapid succession. Not only have nations been pitted against nations but within nations there have been civil strifes. Revolutions and rebellions, external and internal discord, tumult and contention have run riot. Not only do your governments create wars and destroy life and property but they burden the people with debts and cause unnecessary hardships and misery. They are operated at an enormous expense and give little in return but toil and trouble to the people who support them.

"While your forms of government have been a failure, your industrial system has wrecked mankind. Under it men,—without pity, without sympathy, and without honor; who are cold, grasping and greedy; who care not for the rights of others; whose minds are centered upon the acquisition of gold (no matter how they may obtain it, so long as they are able to

keep outside of the walls of your penitentiaries),—acquire wealth and honor, and are looked up to as men of worth and ability, while those who have a just regard for the rights of others; who are willing to live and let live; who believe in the brotherhood of man, and endeavor to live useful, honest lives, are engulfed in the maelstrom of misfortune,—are made derelicts upon the sea of life.

"Under it labor must depend upon capital for employment,—for an opportunity to earn bread. He who labors must look to those who employ labor for employment, and even in your country, which is supposed to be the paradise of the workingman, the government census report shows that his income is only about one-half enough to support his family in decency.

"How long can such things be continued and be borne by man? How long will mankind suffer for the necessities of life, when there is more than enough for all? How long must men who perform the hardest tasks receive the least in return for their toil? How long must men be required to beg for a chance to work, in order that they may sustain life and provide for those who are dependent upon them? How long must men of peace be forced to fight and die to maintain a system of government that brings to them in return hardships, misery, and want? How long will the millions sweat, toil, and die, in order that capital may flourish, grow great,

and mighty, and through its growth and power become stronger, more domineering, and more arrogant? How long will they that are in control be allowed to juggle with the rights of men? How long will labor,—that which is the source of all wealth,—be looked upon and treated with disdain? How long will the people of your world continue to grovel and worship at the shrine of Mammon,—that terrible, selfish, troublesome, Syrian god of old.

"I do not," he said, "advocate an uprising of the people, nor any harsh nor hasty action. In order to bring about a just system, it is not necessary that there should be pillage, plunder, and bloodshed,—not necessary to cause misery and suffering. Those who favor force and violence are not the true friends of the people, or of mankind. Force and violence go hand in hand with anger and hate, with death, destruction, and ruin, which are inimical to the brotherhood of man.

"If all men would refuse to fight and kill one another when ordered to do so by their kings and rulers, there could be no wars; there would be universal peace among men. If the people of your world would refuse longer to continue your irrational system, and firmly but peaceably declare for a change to the one that you here see in operation, it would soon be brought about. The supremacy of the brotherhood of man would be complete.

"Many of your people who are seeking to throw off their burdens favor an uprising of the people; they try to excite anger and class hatred; but through that course nothing for the good of mankind can ever be accomplished, and disaster will surely follow. The human heart may be touched by kindness, sympathy, and love, but through anger, envy and hate, never.

"It is not only the toilers that will be benefited by the change, but every one, with possibly the exception of a very few, who, by reason of their wealth and position, are in control. They will of course be deprived of the power that they now wield and of many of their luxuries; they will be held accountable to mankind as are other men; their gold and treasures will not be taken from them, but will be made worthless and useless,—and of that they cannot complain. They would then be better off than thousands who now, under your chaotic conditions, through war, disaster, or unfortunate speculation, lose their fortunes,—they would only be placed upon an equal footing with other men. All they would have to do would be to perform their share,—do well their part; and no man can complain when he is only required to do that.

"You can readily see that the bringing about of a change from your system to ours does not mean war and bloodshed. Organization in times of war will accomplish much toward the de-

struction of mankind. That has been and is being demonstrated in your world to the detriment and anguish of the human race. Why, then, cannot organization in times of peace be made to help mankind and bring about a condition such as you find existing in this world? Why is it not possible for men to organize and work for that which he knows to be right, for justice to all, for equal rights, for humanity, for the brotherhood of man, for others as well as for himself? Will the people of your world undergo untold hardships, risk life and limb in the destroying of one another, and not be willing to raise their voice nor give either thought or time to the betterment of humanity?

"If men in your world can be so educated and trained that they will sacrifice their lives for their country, why can they not be so trained and educated that they will act, work, and strive for a condition under which such a sacrifice will be unnecessary?"

These questions I was unable to answer.

When I was in that world, surrounded with all the beauties and comforts that are enjoyed by every one; as I mingled with those happy, care-free people, with prosperity and plenty on every hand, I felt that it would only be necessary upon returning to my world to tell the people of what I had seen, of the benefits to be enjoyed by all under the system there in operation, and that the old system of wealth and pov-

erty, wrong and injustice, would be no more. And, possessed with these thoughts, I returned with Creon to the world of my birth, hoping and believing that my journey to his planet would prove to be of as much benefit to my fellow-men as it has been to me.

We were favored with a couple of visits from Mr. Tweto, who was much interested in my work and rendered me valuable assistance. He was very confident that when I returned and informed the people of my world of the conditions existing on the planet I had visited and of the prosperity and happiness there enjoyed by all, that a change would be demanded,—one that could be no longer delayed.

But when I think of the greed and avarice that have for so many generations been instilled into the minds of men, of the desire to grasp and retain all things regardless of the needs of others, of the covetous desires of those that have become possessed of the lands, goods, and chattels, I am wont to despair. Still, when I consider the innate good that is born in man, the natural instinct to do what is right, and the inborn desire not to do that which is wrong; when I reflect upon the kindness that always has and always will abide in the human heart,—the humanity of man,—I still have hope; and, like my friend Tweto, I have confidence that there will soon appear a day of sunshine to

those that have become blinded by the long continued darkness of seemingly endless night.

I hope that the time will come when the old couple bowed down with years will not be forced to leave the old home,—their household goods sold that interest upon capital may be paid, their first-born taken from them in the whirlwind of war, and the baby's cradle and the little shoes sold, amid jests and unthinking laughter, by an officer of the law. I hope that the time is not far distant when war will be no more, when the energies of men will be exerted in the interests of humanity, when commercialism will give way to benevolence, when poverty and want will be unknown, when man's obligations to man will be recognized by all, when the people of my world will no longer worship at a golden shrine.

Firm in this belief, there are many true men and women in this world who are working for the good of mankind: who are striving through environment and by the proper education and training of the people to bring about a change for the betterment of man. This band of brothers is constantly increasing in numbers and in strength; it has, indeed, assumed the proportions of a vast army working in the interests of peace. Many of its members are people of education, refinement, and wealth, by reason of which they can accomplish the best results. This army of peace will continue to increase; it

will continue its work until war, poverty, and want will have become as ancient history,—a mere record of the horrible, hideous, terrible things of the past.

Mars, that devastating God of War, will be dethroned, and Eros, the gentle God of Love, will reign supreme. Then, and not until then, will there be peace, plenty, and happiness for all—for all who perform well their part.

When I left that world it was with the understanding that I should return in six months, and I am more than willing to do so. It was arranged that Creon should come after me, and Hallie was to accompany him. As it is now time for them to be here, I am expecting a message from them any day and must be in a position to return at once. I have disposed of all my property, and in doing so I have provided a way by which it will help relieve the wretchedness of those that are in need of succor. But I have not yet provided for the publication of this book, and as soon as I can make arrangements for its publication I shall be ready to go back.

Yes; I shall go back to that happy land and become one of its people, and by performing my share shall receive like share in return. With the people, and as one of them, I shall enjoy life better than would be possible in this world, no matter how much wealth I might possess. And there I shall have the satisfaction

of knowing that in thus enjoying life I am not preventing others from receiving that which is due them also. I shall not be haunted by the knowledge that there are many hungry and in want, while I have everything in plenty. I shall dwell among a people united in the idea of helping one another; a people patriotic and loyal to a high degree, but not warlike, nor spending time and energy in destroying one another and in making the country desolate,—a people enjoying a state of civilization and enlightenment, in which individualism is not paramount to humanity.

During my absence from that world a bungalow is being constructed and furnished in the Capital City, a dwelling for two; and when I return it will be ready for occupancy. It will be our home,—Hallie's and mine,—so long as life shall last, unless—unless in the years to come we shall require more room for the needs of our family.

It has been agreed, that we shall be married here. And then for a flight through space,—a honeymoon trip of millions of miles, from one planet of the universe to another!